

The Quarterly Review

APRIL 1960

JOHN MURRAY
FIFTY ALBEMARLE STREET LONDON

In Mother's Place



Parents may "forget"—and the forgotten child soon becomes the problem child. By mothering these unfortunate children with love and skill, Salvationists seek to save their threatened lives. A remarkable majority grow up into happy, normal citizens who would otherwise be a tragic liability. Will you put yourself in some "mother's place" by a gift or legacy to **The Salvation Army** 113, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

© John Murray 1960

Printed in Great Britain by

William Clowes and Sons, Limited, London and Beccles
and published by John Murray (Publishers) Ltd.

PRR
Replace.
Direct
9-17-65
Replace.

CONTENTS

The General Election of 1959—and After SIR HAROLD WEBBE, C.B.E.	121
The Mood of Europe, 1960 DR Z. A. GRABOWSKI	134
The Tyranny of Conformity MARC T. GREENE	149
Guilty : Any Advantage ? CLAUD MULLINS	162
Truth in Genealogy L. G. PINE	170
Working with the Russians PAT SLOAN	178
The Reverse of the Medal MAJOR REGINALD HARGREAVES, M.C.	190
Feathered Dancers LESLIE REID	202
The Jewish Remnant in Germany PROFESSOR NORMAN BENTWICH, O.B.E.	214
The Casement Diaries GEOFFREY DE. C. PARMITER	221
Book Reviews	233
Triumph in the West—The Diary of John Evelyn—British Conservatism : 1832-1914—The England of Nimrod and Surtees : 1815-1854—The London School of Economics and its Problems, 1919-1937—An Epic of Clare Market —The Commonwealth Year Book—The Mothers—Albert Schweitzer : A Study of his Philosophy of Life—Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts— Mémoires de Guerre, Le Salut.	

Poetry, biography, philosophy—whatever your

interest, how do you judge the value of a new book, or the calibre of an author often unknown? A valuable guide is THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, for three reasons.

1. Reviewers in the LITERARY SUPPLEMENT are specialists in their subjects. They give an informed assessment of a book.
2. The LITERARY SUPPLEMENT can devote more space to each book than journals with heavy editorial demands.
3. Reviews in the LITERARY SUPPLEMENT are anonymous. The reviewer cannot be deflected from the book by personal considerations.

How well you will be served by the LITERARY SUPPLEMENT! Place a regular order with your newsagent.

THE ~~MASTHEAD~~ TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Every Friday—Price 6d.

Annual subscription £1 16s. 10d.

THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1959—AND AFTER

FROM whatever point of view it may be regarded, the General Election of October 1959 was a remarkable event in the political history of Great Britain. The British people instinctively seek the middle of the road. Their genius for compromise and their ability to reconcile conflicting interests have undoubtedly been major factors in developing and realizing that most remarkable conception in human affairs—the Empire and Commonwealth of Nations. They prefer the simple to the complex, and in politics prefer the two-party system to any which seeks to represent in too great detail different shades of opinion or of interest. In such a society it is natural that public opinion and its expression through the ballot box should swing from left to right and again to left to achieve over the years the balance which it is in the British character to desire.

If that be so, then clearly after ten years of Government by the right, there would have been a tendency for a swing to the left. True that in 1955 the Conservative Party secured re-election, and with an increased majority, but that made it even more probable that by 1959 the country would wish for a change.

In the event, the Conservatives received an overwhelming vote of confidence and were returned with a majority nearly twice as large as they had before. It is of course true that the size of the majority in the House of Commons exaggerates the actual voting strength in the country. It is true, too, that there was in fact, as Mr Gaitskell claimed, no landslide to Conservatism. But, however severely one discounts the Conservative victory, the fact that they won at all was remarkable and deserves—and is no doubt already receiving—careful study by all who are interested in party politics and indeed by all thoughtful men and women whether they have any special political affiliation or none. It must be many months before any clear conclusions can be reached, but it is perhaps not without value to try to form some first impressions, the soundness of which will be tested when the analysis is complete. True there is likely to be a breathing space of four or five years before the electorate is again asked to express itself—that is, of course, on the

assumption that no new major world crisis develops—but five years is no long time for the lessons of 1959 to be assimilated.

In forming such preliminary impressions it is necessary first to consider the nature and the force of the appeals which the three parties were able to make at the outset of the election campaign.

The Conservative Party had one asset of overwhelming importance—their leader, the Prime Minister. In Mr Macmillan they had a man who in three or four years had grown in stature perhaps more quickly than any political leader of modern times. When he became Prime Minister he was little known to the general public—he was in fact little more to the man-in-the-street than ‘Sir Anthony Eden’s successor.’ And yet by 1959 he had become a world figure exercising an influence in world affairs second only in modern history to that of the unique Winston Churchill. This meteoric rise began with his Empire tour from which he returned almost a different man, with an assurance, a confidence, and a faith which only those who knew him most intimately realized he possessed. His outstanding success in repairing Anglo-American relations so sadly damaged by what is now clearly seen to have been the mistaken policy of America over Suez, and his courageous initiative in going to Moscow, had established him as perhaps the dominant figure in international affairs. It would be unjust not to commend Mr Selwyn Lloyd for the patient pertinacity with which he supported the Prime Minister, but the credit of success deservedly belonged to Mr Macmillan himself. Moreover, by his speeches and particularly in his appearances on television, he had gained in a remarkable degree the confidence of the people. His simplicity, his obvious sincerity, and perhaps above all his calmness in the face of difficulties were precisely the qualities which British men and women most admire and respect.

The Prime Minister himself therefore must be rated as the most valuable single asset of his party, but he had also succeeded in getting round him an excellent administration—men of ability, hard-working, always sound and sensible, sometimes brilliant, many of them comparatively young and untried. His chief lieutenants, the Home Secretary, the Chancellor, the Foreign Secretary, to whom history will accord much greater distinction than he has had so far—these with the other Members of the Cabinet and the Ministers outside it formed a team to whom he could and did give his full

confidence and who had full confidence in him. Add to them a Chief Whip of exceptional ability (and tact!)—and there were the materials of a highly efficient administration.

And they had been quickly successful in carrying through a heavy programme of legislation and guiding the country into fairer weather than it had known for a very long time. Indeed when the Prime Minister claimed that we 'had never had it so good' he was merely saying what everyone believed. The economy was vigorous and strong, the cost of living had been held virtually level for nearly two years, trade was booming, exports soaring, a record road programme was in full swing, big developments in the social services, hospitals, mental health, education were in hand and moving fast, important Bills affecting Local Government and housing policy had passed smoothly into law and were producing results. Even the Rent Act, hailed with glee by the Opposition as their passport to victory, had quietly come into force and proved itself, from their point of view, the dampest of damp squibs.

In only one direction had the Government found real cause for anxiety—and that, the important field of the Colonial Empire. Malta, Cyprus, Nyasaland, Kenya—all in turn and often all together faced crises which called for every bit of skill, hard work, patience, and devotion which the Colonial Secretary could command. How far the trouble-makers in all these countries had been encouraged by the virulent and generally ill-informed attacks made on him and his policy cannot, of course, be measured, but it is certainly true that the men and women officials, field officers, settlers, and missionaries, who in times of trouble have to risk their lives to carry on their job of bringing civilization and law and order to the natives to whom they are devoted, were bitterly angry with the trouble-makers from this country who after very often no more than a few days' visit posed as authorities and by their ignorant criticism did such a disastrously bad service to the people whom they professedly wanted to help. Fortunately in the difficult days of the last three or four years we had a Colonial Secretary more earnestly devoted to the cause of the Empire peoples than anyone since Joseph Chamberlain, and in the face of bitter attacks Mr Lennox-Boyd pursued his policy firmly and patiently. It was worse than unfortunate that right at the end of years of highly successful work in re-habilitating the dupes of Mau Mau, the failure of

subordinates to carry out their orders—and the failure of the Government of Kenya to give adequate supervision—led to the tragedy of Hola Camp. It is a great misfortune that Mr Lennox-Boyd has, for family reasons, left public life, but history will certainly give him great credit for the work he did.

Such then was the position of the Conservative Party before the Election—united under a great leader and with a record of complete success save only for the failure to bring their policy in these colonial territories to the satisfactory conclusion which seems certain soon to be achieved.

And what of the Labour-Socialists? Let it be said at once that Mr Gaitskell by his personal conduct during the campaign deservedly gained general admiration. It was clearly due to his personal example that the Election was largely free from bitterness and from the violent partisanship which many had expected would turn it into a pitched battle. Unfortunately, however, for him and for his party it had for long been obvious that the feeling between the members of the party who had come up the hard way and the 'intellectuals' was both deeply rooted and bitter. The Gentlemen and the Players entered the field by different and widely separated gates. During the five years of the Labour-Socialist government, Mr Attlee, with a gift for handling men for which he has not always been given sufficient credit, had been able to hold the two wings together, but when he went the wide divergence of views quickly became apparent in the rivalry between Mr Gaitskell and Mr Aneurin Bevan. Probably only one man—Mr Herbert Morrison—had the parliamentary skill to persuade the rival factions that it would be better to hang together than to hang separately. But he was rejected—a decision which no doubt many of those who made it have lived to regret. Mr Gaitskell was chosen with the backing of the right wing, but found himself challenged in fact if not in form by a fanatical left wing led by the brilliant and equally fanatical Mr Aneurin Bevan. To Mr Gaitskell the full-blooded Socialist State was an ideal to be realized by long and patient education of public opinion. To Mr Bevan it was an objective to be seized at once. Mr Gaitskell was faced with a dilemma—either he had to stand firm by his own policy and openly challenge his rival or he had to risk losing the whole-hearted support of those who thought as he did by seeking the leadership of the left as well. He

had in fact little real choice and he took the second course. Cynics have said that he sold his soul for a mess of pottage—and hasn't had delivery!

When the battle was joined in October 1959 the split in the party was naturally papered over but the damage had been done. During the preceding couple of years, Mr Gaitskell's party machine had produced a number of carefully prepared statements of policy on a wide range of social and other problems. Many of them were carefully thought out and ably written, but they made little impact on a public which was unmistakably enjoying great and increasing prosperity, and they were almost ignored or shrugged off by the all-out Socialists of the left wing. For the Election campaign itself, the Labour-Socialists were left with only two lines of attack, and both of them already discredited, the 'down-trodden working class' and the virtues of nationalization as the panacea for all our ills.

The first Labour Party television broadcast by Mr Anthony Greenwood was a gallant attempt to put over the former, but the picture which he painted of a country already stagnant and on the verge of ruin, with people homeless and unable to afford enough food, children without schools, sick men and women dying for want of hospitals, and roads choked by the motor cars of the poor (!) was such a gross caricature of what everyone who saw it—on their own television sets!—knew to be the reality, that it provoked merely derision, with occasionally a blunt question as to what the Socialists had done about it all between 1945 and 1950 with all their elaborate system of rationing and controls.

After this disastrous beginning, the more positive plans for advance put forward in later broadcasts and in the speeches of the leaders and the candidates made very little impression.

In the same way the advocacy of the alleged virtues of nationalization fell on deaf ears. The country had already experienced its effects. 'More coal, better coal, cheaper coal'—'better and more efficient transport'—'a contented body of workers'—all these war-cries had a hollow and tragically humorous sound to people who had to pay more for inferior coal, who travelled in dirty trains more slowly than before the war, and who had experienced miners' insatiable wage demands, bus strikes, and 'wild cat' strikes putting tens of thousands of men and women out of work on the most flimsy excuses.

In desperation the party made two fatal mistakes. The promise to increase greatly and immediately all the benefits of the Welfare State without increasing taxation was too much for even the most unthinking man in the street to swallow, and the callous promise to increase old age pensions was in fact resented by thousands of pensioners themselves who were deeply affronted by the suggestion that their votes could be 'bought,' even for ten shillings a week.

In fact, not for the first time, the party which always claims to have its ears close to the ground and to understand the ordinary man made devastating and, as events proved, fatal mistakes of psychology.

And now what of the Liberal Party? Undoubtedly the most remarkable feature of the Election after the almost unique achievement of the Tories in gaining three victories in a row was the big increase in the Liberal poll, although their representation in the House itself remained as it was before. All the figures seem to show that, broadly speaking, the increase came from the Socialist Party, but the interesting question is, which sections of that party changed their allegiance? It is, of course, tempting to the Liberals to believe that the new voters were right-wing Labour Party men and women, radically minded but afraid of being taken too far to the left—including naturally a considerable number of ex-Liberals 'returning home.'

There are, however, other and more intriguing possibilities. In some constituencies, the extra Liberals were probably trade unionists who wanted to register a vote against nationalization but who could not bring themselves to go the whole way and vote Tory. A much more obvious source of the new Liberal support, however, may well have been the extreme *left* wing of the Socialist Party—those who were opposed to having anything to do with nuclear armaments. These people had made no concealment of their bitter opposition to the half-way house policy of their official leaders and they found the Liberal Party the only one prepared to fight their battle. In any case, the fact of the big increase in the Liberal vote has already begun to foster hopes of the creation of a new centre party which is radical in its purpose but rejects socialism. If this happens, then the General Election of 1959 may well have produced the ironical result that the die-hard Socialists have by their own

action condemned themselves to being for many years out on a limb as a virtually powerless minority group.

And now, what of the future? These next four or five years may well, as has been suggested, see considerable changes in the picture of party politics. The Conservatives are in the happy position that their main concern must be to avoid mistakes. Such mistakes are more likely to be made over comparatively small domestic issues than in matters of major policy. Traffic problems in London and the big cities, town planning in relation to the re-development of sites of sentimental interest—Piccadilly Circus is a case in point—anything in the nature of another Crichel Down case, the failure of vast investment in railways and coal mines to produce greater efficiency, bureaucratic encroachment on the rights of the individual citizen, pettifogging and grandmotherly legislation—these are the danger points. In the much more important matters of the economy and of international affairs, the Government may well hope for further success.

Our economic position both at home and abroad is now reasonably healthy. There is at least good ground for hope that reductions in taxation may be possible. Purchase tax may be further reduced, repayment of post-war credits may be speeded up, income tax reduced while still leaving room for selective increases in old age pensions, a vigorous road programme, improvements in the field of technological education, and development of the hospital service. Moreover, any lessening of the burden of taxation must almost certainly lead to yet larger savings, so further strengthening the economy by providing the capital for industrial development and modernization.

There is, too, reason to think that our economic position in the world as a whole is likely to improve. The slight fall in our gold and dollar reserves in November (1959) would seem to have been due to rising interest rates in America where the nettle of inflation has not yet been firmly grasped, but the Government, with already reasonably large reserves and a low bank rate, is in a position to meet any foreseeable difficulties of this kind. Again, the appointment of Mr Maudling to the Board of Trade may be taken as an indication that the Government has not yet abandoned hope of securing in Europe some arrangement much nearer to the proposed Free Trade Area than seemed possible a few months ago. The birth

of the 'Seven' has clearly given the 'Six'—and particularly West Germany—cause for fresh thinking and in the next few months France is likely to be under considerable pressure from the other members of the 'Six' to relax her intransigence, however understandable it may be.

For the Conservative Government and for the Conservative Party, therefore, the outlook is bright. The two other parties, however, are in a much less happy position. For the Liberals the future is an enigma. Their leader, Mr Grimond, lost no time in staking out his claim. In his television appearance very soon after the Election he issued a clear and definite invitation to the Socialists to join forces with him in an effort to dislodge the 'hated' Tories. Naturally enough the Socialists were equally quick to reject his overtures, but Mr Gaitskell's return compliment of inviting the Liberals to join the Socialist Party, full-blooded Socialist as it still is, was even more naive than Mr Grimond's diametrically opposite suggestion.

As for the Socialist Party—their state is, for the present at least, almost hopeless. Mr Douglas Jay and other leading members of the party have openly thrown overboard the party's claim to represent 'Labour' in its old meaning of the wage-earning classes of the community. Indeed they have gone so far as to say that in present-day conditions, the label 'Labour' has become a liability rather than an asset, and that many of those for whom in the past the party claimed to speak now regard themselves as part of the middle class and resent being referred to as a helpless, frustrated, and down-trodden working class!

At the same time this group has accepted the decision of the electorate, repeated three times and with increasing emphasis, that they want no more nationalization of industries, basic (like steel) or otherwise. The reaction of the left wingers to these 'heresies' was immediate and vigorous. Marxist Socialism must still be the accepted doctrine with which there must be no meddling.

It was in this atmosphere of completely divided opinion that the party met at Blackpool in November to hold its inquest on the electoral disaster of a few weeks before. The conference started with an impassioned appeal from Mrs Barbara Castle, in the chair, for a new and vigorous campaign to bring the black-sheep back to the old flock. No change of name and no change of policy! Long and enthusiastic applause!

Followed Mr Gaitskell, the leader of the party. His speech—perhaps one of the best of his career—was an able attempt to allay fears and to persuade the party to consider these basic problems calmly, reasonably and without prejudice. It was a gallant speech but one which could have left in no one's mind any doubt that he, at least, believed that Marxism in this country was not only dead, but thrice buried. Long, but *less* enthusiastic applause!

The speeches from the floor showed quite as wide a split as had those from the platform. Mr Donnelly in particular supported Mr Gaitskell's view and stressed that one lesson at least of the Election was that the party and its workers had largely lost touch with those to whom they appealed for support. Mr Cousins, on the other hand, ranged himself firmly and without equivocation behind the 'do or die' policy advocated from the Chair. The volume of applause which greeted these speeches and others like them, showed pretty clearly that the rank and file at any rate as represented at the Conference was much more ready to follow its chairman than its leader.

It was left to Mr Bevan to wind up. In a brilliant and eloquent speech he sought to reconcile the irreconcilable. There was, he said, no real difference of opinion between Mrs Castle, who had demanded more and better nationalization at the first opportunity, and Mr Gaitskell, who wanted no more at all at present and showed little sign of wanting any more in the future. The fact that each of them had quoted words of *his* proved conclusively, he claimed, that all three of them were in perfect accord!

This dazzling display of Celtic enthusiasm and scintillating oratory won the ovation which is the proper due of any man who can produce a genuinely live rabbit out of a genuinely empty hat. But did it carry conviction? Surely the answer is that it did not. For one part of his audience, at least, any illusion it might have created was shattered by Mr Bevan's own television appearance at the time of the Conference when he told the world in unmistakable words that, in his view, the nationalization of the basic industries, and specifically the steel industry, and the close control and regulation of the whole economy was not merely a feature of Socialist policy, but was an essential first step to its attainment. Everyone now knows where Mr Bevan stands, but for the rest, the

Conference which was intended to show that no 'split' existed, succeeded only in demonstrating it more clearly than ever.

And where are the Liberals in all this? They claim to represent a more radical and a more idealistic approach to political questions. True the Conservatives and a considerable part of the Socialist Party believe that the immediate application of these ideals to the problems of to-day would be unrealistic and therefore dangerous. But no one doubts their sincerity. No one doubts either that their ideals are shared by the Tories with whom their quarrel is as synthetic as it is bitter. And now Mr Gaitskell has enunciated the Socialist Party creed in such platitudinous and unexceptionable words that, if that were all, he would be gladly acceptable to the Liberals and indeed to any but the now almost non-existent extreme Conservative Associations! But, as Mr Gaitskell very well knows, the quarrel is not about *ends* but about *means*, and if the Liberals will have nothing to do with nuclear weapons, equally they will have nothing to do with Socialist practices which they regard as much more dangerous to our future than the fall-out from the H-bomb. If therefore any considerable body of so-called Socialists are prepared to forswear Marxism and all its works, the way would seem to be open for the emergence of a new radical party as a real alternative to the Conservatives. The enigma to which the Liberals have to find an answer is whether the Liberal Mahomet is to go to the Socialist mountain, with the label significantly and genuinely discarded, or vice-versa. Probably the Liberals are sufficiently realistic to know what the answer must be if they persist in seeking it. In all probability both sides will in the end seek to avoid the awkward decision which after all is concerned mainly with *names*, by coming together under a new—or perhaps very old—banner as Radicals or Progressives! The creation of a 'new' party, however, postulates the emergence of a 'new' leader capable of inspiring enthusiasm—in fact an evangelist. And it is here that the present conception of a radical, non-socialist, revival faces its most difficult problem.

Mr Grimond is able, sincere, and with considerable personal charm. His 'Liberal' principles of which he speaks so often and with so much emotion are, of course, not only almost completely acceptable to but are in fact shared by the vast majority of men and women in all political parties except the left wing extremists.

Only the old Liberal call for complete Free Trade would to-day meet with some opposition. But on that the development of Conservative thought, in regard particularly to European trade, has already taken the sting out of much of the old controversy, and in fact the Liberals themselves have already shown themselves ready to accept, for the time being at least, some realistic compromise. On practically all other questions of public life and administration, Mr Grimond criticizes Tory policy solely because he claims that the application of policy is not taking place fast enough.

On one matter only does Mr Grimond offer a policy fundamentally different from that of either of the two other main parties—the use of nuclear power in war. Even here the difference is as to means and not as to ends. Everyone shares Mr Grimond's horror at the mere idea of war and his passionate desire for peace. Everyone detests the thought of using weapons with such unimaginable powers of destruction. The sole question which remains a matter of individual opinion is the purely practical one of whether it is safe for one half of the world to discard and disown such weapons while the other half has them. There can be little doubt as to the answer which the vast majority of people in the world, as it is at present, would reluctantly give to this question. The answer may be wrong, but few would take the terrible risk of any other.

On all other vital and basic problems Mr Grimond is at one with the Tories—and indeed with a surprisingly large number of the true Labour Party. He puts first and foremost the importance of maintaining the dignity and the freedom of the individual and the curtailment to the very minimum of rules and regulations and of bureaucratic interference. He believes that, in the development of the Welfare State, the idea of 'equal' shares is often the very antithesis of 'fair' shares. He accepts the basic principle of 'From each according to his means, to each according to his needs'—the rich subsidizing the poor. He must of necessity accept that the application of that principle involves creating machinery to determine both means and needs. For the former the Income Tax machinery already exists and for the latter the administration of National Assistance has already developed considerable experience and technique. It is tragic folly that mistakes in administration in the past still make the simple term 'means test' a term of abuse.

Mr Grimond can remember with pride and satisfaction that

before totalitarianism raised its ugly head behind the mask of 'Socialism,' the old Liberal Party commanded the support of a very large part, and often a majority, of the electorate, with a policy which differed from that of the Tories only as to emphasis and as to the rate of progress it desired. And finally one word to Mr Grimond, in no way intended to be unkindly. The phlegmatic, down-to-earth Englishman instinctively shies away from the intellectually 'superior person' who seems to have his head in the clouds and his feet off the ground. Clear principles, sincerely accepted and firmly held, distinguish the statesman from the mere politician, but they are not the best subject for public oratory. Like children, they should be seen rather than heard. This might well be the reason why so far Mr Grimond has done himself so much less than justice and why so far he has failed to arouse in those to whom he appeals as much enthusiasm as he himself feels.

The only other potential leader of a new radical party at present in the picture is, of course, Mr Gaitskell. He has many of the qualities which go to make a leader, but he is naturally haunted by the ghost of Ramsay MacDonald. He knows too that, whereas MacDonald had in Philip Snowden an able, sincere, and high-minded lieutenant ready to risk himself for what he believed to be right, he—Mr Gaitskell—is surrounded by men who would sooner step into his shoes than follow him into a Socialist wilderness. The memory of the MacDonald 'betrayal' is still too green for Mr Gaitskell to have the same hope of being able to take with him a worth-while following.

On the face of things as they are at present, therefore, it looks as if a new radical party must look for a leader outside the present field of politicians or—dare it be said?—in the left wing of the Conservative Party. So far there are no signs of the man who is needed.

If no such re-alignment takes place, it is difficult to see what is to prevent the Conservative Party retaining power for a very long time to come—provided always that they continue to provide sound and healthy government and do not develop internal troubles of their own.

But if a new 'radical' party did develop to a point when it could genuinely offer the country an alternative Government pledged not to produce an immediate revolution, however bloodless, it might

well prove to be a good thing for both the country and for the Conservative Party itself. To remain in power virtually unchallenged for Parliament after Parliament is likely in the end to breed complacency and therefore loss of efficiency and effectiveness. On the other hand it would be highly dangerous to replace a Conservative Government by one pledged to virtually reversing the economic machine and to the upheaval of large and vitally important sections of industry, apart altogether from the even more important change from a policy of fostering individual enterprise to one of close state regulation, control, and direction.

The General Election of 1959 has created a position in which this country might remove for a long time, if not for ever, the danger in which it stands now, and has stood ever since the Socialist Party, pledged to the ideas of Karl Marx, became the only real alternative to the Conservatives. The next four years will, in all probability, show whether this can and will be done.

HAROLD WEBBE

THE MOOD OF EUROPE, 1960

THE chief problem for the Continent at the close of 1959 and on the threshold of 1960 was—as in the years before—the problem of peace. In this respect the feeling in all European countries is more firmly established than ever before since the conclusion of war: Europe with every year that passes votes down the chances of a new war. The Russian ultimatum on Berlin of 1958 did produce a ripple of unrest in West Germany, but outside that country the threat was not taken seriously on the Continent. And since the Eisenhower-Khrushchev *tête-à-tête* at Camp David—regarded by many Continental countries as the chief event of the year—the belief is gaining ground that the threat to Berlin has receded and will not re-appear for a long time; that Russia at last genuinely wants a *détente*; that the whole Berlin ultimatum was used by Moscow as a lever to force the U.S.A. to participate in talks. Having reached that goal, Russia is not in a special hurry about a summit meeting though, again, she is really interested in such a meeting. To what extent Russia desires a *détente* with the West, because of the growing pressure of Chinese policy and of China's expansionism, is a matter of guesswork.

Continental countries consider that we are entering a period of peace and that the utter futility of war and its suicidal destructiveness has dawned upon the two great contestants in any real conflict, Russia and the U.S.A. But at this the political forecasting of European countries stops: people are rather vague about details. Suspending nuclear tests? This would be most welcome, but is it at all feasible? Is Geneva to bring into being some sort of agreement on that point? Or have we to wait till May 16 and the Summit for some real change to take place in the present stalemate situation?

The suspension of nuclear tests would be greeted with relief all over Europe, for the anxieties over the contamination of our atmosphere and the pollution of water, etc., are much more acute in countries like Switzerland than here. People on the Continent discuss more freely and critically the problem of radiation—and they do not trust official assurances. From Continental scientists one hears the argument that mankind can now prepare its death

not by any war but by the persistent poisoning of its sources of life. 'We now face a possibility of the slow destruction of our world without resorting to war,' I was told several times during my wanderings across Europe. 'That is why the suspension of nuclear tests remains the most urgent necessity.'

Therefore for the Continent of Europe a moratorium on nuclear tests would be a most welcome move. Other problems? The Berlin crisis has receded into the background even in Federal Germany itself; it is now taken with a large pinch of salt. Of course, it is realized that there are essentially two basic conceptions in the game: the Franco-German one which stands for the maintenance of the *status quo*; and the Anglo-American thesis which would not be hostile to some new agreement over Berlin, perhaps under a United Nations tutelage. But even so, whilst acknowledging a fundamental clash over the issue between the two camps, nobody now expects conflict over Berlin.

As the New Year was ushered into history, what were the moods of various European countries? Starting with France, one can state that the atmosphere of elation, hope, and faith in the renewal of the body politic of France has been greatly dimmed. France is out of the doldrums of constant political changes, but at the same time the country has settled down too soon, many hopes entertained about de Gaulle have been dashed, and the solution in Algeria still escapes de Gaulle's grasp (the clash with General Massu). But French people are both impatient and too critical of any authority; and de Gaulle, though still commanding tremendous respect, will not be spared the bitter taste of the French critical faculty. People have expected too much from him; they invested him with the gifts of a magician. France is still not the happy country she was in the late 'twenties; de Gaulle has probably set the sights too high and is demanding too many sacrifices; the nation does not want to follow him on the road *de la grandeur*. This is the essential conflict between de Gaulle and France.

De Gaulle, with his paternalistic attitude, seems to be the Regent of a non-existent monarchy, and many allude to the *Quatrième Empire sous de Gaulle*. He wants to be above parties, with the result that his own camp is disintegrating. He is probably by now alarmed by the antics of the new Parliament and the fractions within the Debré Cabinet. If he resorts to ruling the country with

a small body of an inner Cabinet of experts he would largely defeat his own initial conception. Bringing peace to Algeria still appears a distant prospect, though the country has been pacified to a great extent and the insurgents cannot claim lately any spectacular successes. But can the deadlock between France and Ferhat Abbas be broken? Can negotiations be started and, if so, with whom? For the time being both sides are firmly entrenched; de Gaulle is obviously convinced that time is on his side and that the rebels will not be able to hold out indefinitely. But he has to face not only the stubborn silence of the rebel 'Government' in Cairo but—which is more serious—the opposition of the *colons* and of the Army in Algeria. The drain on France's resources continues, and war in Algeria has turned into a nightmare of French life; people are inclined to keep silent about it and to push the problem into their subconscious.

In spite of all these disillusionments the fact remains that France has made impressive progress in many fields. Her international prestige has been forced up, and some Frenchmen admit that for tough bargaining de Gaulle, that twentieth-century embodiment of Jeanne d'Arc, with his *mystique* of *la grandeur de France*, is a much better man than anybody else in France. Obviously, the source of de Gaulle's impatience with the U.S.A. and this country was the inadequate reception of his proposal for a political directorate of the three Western Powers. He got some of his wishes complied with, and he will be a tough customer for the West. In short, de Gaulle is going to teach the Anglo-Saxons the lesson that France has to be respected (this being a continuation of his wartime policy). He has succeeded on many points (among them, postponement of the Summit, location of the first Summit in Paris, Soviet Prime Minister's visit to the French capital); but the question is whether he is not overdoing the lesson, whether—even if he makes various moves not in the name of France but on behalf of the Continent of Europe, of the future *Europe des patries*, according to his own expression—this policy is not one-sided. Is he not going to overreach himself in this noble ambition? Can France afford a policy of prestige, neglecting her many shortcomings in the domain of economics?

One element, however, must not be overlooked: the Franco-German understanding is the pivotal piece of de Gaulle's policy,

and he is lucky in having Dr Adenauer as a partner. The Franco-German *entente* will continue to flourish in spite of adversities, and the presentation of this problem by some British papers seems to be rather cursory. After all, this country was advocating a Franco-German *rapprochement*, rightly assuming that without it there could be no peace in Europe; but once that understanding came into existence public opinion in Britain became alarmed by the potential strength of such a political and economic union.

France has also achieved a great deal in her *Communauté*. It was a revolutionary move, actually de Gaulle's boldest stroke. Its liberalism and the elasticity of the structure augur well for its future, and the recent meeting at St Louis de Sénégal proved that *Communauté* is not an effigy but an instrument pliable and alive, and that France is determined to make a real job of it. If he succeeds in finding a solution to North African problems he will go down in history as a great man who not only saved France's associations with Africa but opened a more hopeful era of collaboration between the white man and the dark Continent. There seems to be little doubt that 1960 is going to be the year of Africa, and that all European countries with commitments there must do their utmost to equal the greatness of the task.

France has made great strides in the economic field, though many of them were not properly publicized (France often dwells more vocally on her misfortunes than on her achievements); her exports are expanding, especially those to the U.S.A. (with French cars becoming popular in the American market); harnessing more of the energy of her rivers to serve her electric grid; producing more natural gas from the Lacq area in south-west France; prospects of more oil flowing from the Sahara. The new Franc introduced on January 1 was a long-overdue measure; had it been introduced some ten or five years earlier (like the West German Deutsche Mark) it would have spared France many an economic embarrassment. The fact that the franc will regain its prestige and the centime be restored to its rightful place should have a great psychological effect on the population.

Thus France should face 1960 with infinitely fewer anxieties about her balance of payments, which used to be her constant worry. But the problem of the cost of living will create many a headache, and if large-scale strikes occur, as a consequence of

workers demanding an increase in their real wages, this may upset many calculations.

What about Germany? Her economic boom continues; there are no signs of strain in her economic texture. German exports rise constantly. Not economic problems—as in France—but political issues may cloud the horizon of Federal Germany. Its citizens still have confidence in their Chancellor and, generally speaking, they agree that Adenauer was right in not relinquishing the Chancellorship last year. The majority cannot see any alternative to Adenauer's policy of associating the German Federal Republic as closely as possible with the West. It is still not fully understood in this country that Adenauer's policy means an historical departure in Germany's destiny. He wants to put an end once and for all to her vacillations between West and East and eradicate her longings for an *entente* with Russia. He wants to re-orientate Germany towards the West and finish with the *Drang nach Osten*. His idea is simplicity itself; that is why he is often accused of being indifferent to the fate of Eastern Germany and to Germany's previous Eastern marches.

Adenauer wants to build G.F.R. into the framework of Europe—a policy that needs constancy and persistence. That is why he did not want to abandon the helm; the trouble is that—like many people of autocratic temperament—he does not know how to choose his successor and is extremely suspicious of all his advisers. His *va-et-vient* in 1959 was not a model of good manners, and for the first time *Der Alte* was challenged by his own party. What will be the future of the *Christlich-Demokratische Union* (C.D.U.) in the event of Adenauer's death or retirement, which is bound to come rather sooner than later? The example of de Gasperi's party after his death offers a warning; but in the case of Adenauer there is a chance of Professor Erhard taking over. His popularity was confirmed in the whole caucus of 1959.

What is worse is that Adenauer's autocratic measures and his obvious dislike of the Socialists have driven them into a political wilderness. German Socialists do not play their part; there is no bi-partisan policy in the main international issues, and in their resentment towards Adenauer they may, when they come to power, seek revenge on him—or on his ghost—and try to reverse his trend of policy. Adenauer has, unfortunately, produced this state of

Ers
way
vita
pro
put
V
ove
Eur
wat
a co
its
con
tho
of c
hist
rac
I
nat
par
Cor
Fre
can
it h

1
Jan.
'tha
eme
men
first
per
defe
blac
car-
fusa
Two
an
sam
thin
phe
alar
lugu
mat

Erstarrung, of paralysis of political life. G.F.R. is ruled in a fatherly way: but for the sake of Germany, political life should be revitalized. The recent crop of anti-Semitic outbursts are the best proof that public opinion in Germany must be mobilized and not put to sleep.

Why have those anti-Semitic outbursts produced such a stir all over the world? Because Germany is still a problem State of Europe and not fully a 'normal' country; a place which has to be watched carefully for any signs of a rash of nationalism or racialism; a country which has to prove time and again that it has abandoned its predatory instincts and its dreams of expansion. We must be convinced by Germany's behaviour that she has rejected for good those inhuman principles of Nazism which ran counter to the whole of our European tradition and wanted to turn the very stream of history into darkest African models of tom-tom, genocide, and race frenzy.¹

Italy offers a curious picture of a different kind of political stagnation; the result of tiredness with a tug-of-war between political parties and disenchantment with the old de Gasperi party. The Communist wave has retreated for good; it has shared the lot of French Communism, for if Communism, a dynamic political faith, cannot advance and seize power at a certain favourable moment, it has to retreat. That moment passed, both for France and Italy, in

¹ The best analysis was provided by Sebastian Haffner in the *Observer* of Jan. 3, 1960, in his article 'Facing the Nazi Spectre.' 'It seems,' wrote Haffner, 'that during the last year or two, Nazism has, for good as well as for ill, emerged from the German collective subconscious. For the first time, the memory of its enormities is troubling many people's conscience; but for the first time, too, it is exercising an unhealthy fascination on some. . . . It was perhaps not as surprising as all that. The dumbfounding shock of total defeat . . . had simply overlaid the memory of the Hitler period. It was blacked out in the public consciousness—as the immediate antecedents of a car-crash are blacked out in the individual consciousness . . . the general refusal to remember had some of the beneficial effects of a curative sleep. . . . Two years ago it was possible to think that it had completely ceased to be an issue in Germany. . . . It is doubtful whether this can be said with the same assurance to-day. The curative sleep has been disturbed.' Personally, I think that Haffner offers the best psychological explanation of the ugly phenomenon; in all probability the remnants of Nazism have become alarmed by the growing consciousness among the Germans of their lugubrious past; and the crop of outrages is a counter-attack by a decimated and cornered movement in a desperate attempt to re-assert itself.

1948 or 1949 at the latest; since then French and Italian Communists have been forced to abandon their advanced positions and bridgeheads. The dynamism of Togliatti (as well as that of Maurice Thorez) has been spent; and their *aides* are not men of the same stature. Since Khrushchev's secret speech and the Hungarian rising, the retreat of Communism in both countries has been even more clearly marked; in France its grip on the intellectuals has eased; in Italy the hold over the masses has patently lessened (Communism has never achieved in Italy an influence over the intelligentsia comparable with that in France; but, then, the cadres of that class are much smaller in Italy). Membership of the Italian Communist Party has diminished; what is more important the party has lost its drive. A constant economic advance has dulled some of the demands and slogans of the party; the industrial North is flourishing. But not the South, and certainly not Sicily, and here the neglect of the ruling party, the *Democrazia Cristiana*, is to be blamed. After the death of de Gasperi it lost much of its energy; de Gasperi was not only a politician but a man of faith and vision. He, together with men like Robert Schumann, sincerely wanted to build a united Europe. His successors are men of minor dimensions—the 1959 Congress of the D.C. Party has not healed the obvious split in the counsels of the party. But the Socialists are in an even worse position: the split between Saragat and Nenni has not been bridged; which is a pity for Italy, as the country needs a vigorous Socialist Party.

But it cannot be denied that Italy by 1959 had made great strides—mainly in the North and the central provinces—towards prosperity, and foreign tourism reached new records (probably well over 15 million people a year). But the poverty of the South has not been alleviated properly, and this social sore will stay in 1960 (though the discovery of oil in Sicily opens chances of a brighter future for that island). Italy does not possess the ambitions of France; she has paid a heavy price for Mussolini's prestige and *hubris*. Italy wants to stay firmly in the Western camp and to develop her trade connections with the Middle East. Her main problems remain economic, not political; her communal life is affected by this disease prevalent in all European countries—*Entpolitisierung der Politik*, as the Germans say, the receding of interest in political slogans and programmes.

Spain was honoured by President Eisenhower's visit, which many in Europe have criticized; but when scrutinizing it more thoroughly one has to admit that the President's decision was a wise one—with the moving of American bases from Morocco, the U.S.A. must look towards Spain to accommodate her air force. It is an open secret that Spain is the mightiest American arsenal in Europe (barring West Germany). As early as 1950 Americans in Spain were predicting that in five years' time or so they would have on Spanish soil 'five Gibaltars or better.' America was compelled to rely on this 'peripheral defence' because of the instability of French Governments and French objections to foreign bases. Spain has taken kindly to the presence of Americans on her soil, and U.S.A. investments have helped the country tremendously. The influx of American capital and the employment of Spanish labour in the construction of air and naval bases has had a beneficial effect on the rather shaky economy of the country.

American bases in Spain are a military necessity; but besides the military aspect there seems to be no reason why the West need ostracize Spain because of her military-bureaucratic dictatorship. Spain managed to survive the economic storm of the 'forties without recourse to any foreign aid, and those who criticize Spanish economy must take this truth into account. Spain should be drawn into European collaboration and opened up by it: she is slumbering in a state of isolation which cannot be to the advantage of either side, Europe or Spain.

Two major problems remain to be solved: the succession to Franco and the economic tangle. It is by now universally acknowledged that the son of the Pretender, educated now in Spain, will assume power—but when? Franco is biding his time; the political set-up is far from being a happy one: *Falange* has practically lost all its force and it has always existed in borrowed light (Italian Fascism). Spain has been ruled by an army and by an inept, inefficient bureaucracy; politically, the country is in a mood of apathy, restlessness, and dissatisfaction combined. Liberal and pro-monarchy elements are widely dispersed; Socialists are in even a worse position; Communism may be a latent danger in some parts of the country but it had been emasculated and cannot rely on mass support. Spain wants to avoid at all costs any new turmoil; the Civil War had become a deep communal trauma. A king provides

the only solution and Franco wants 't, but the timing for the take-over has not been settled. Economically, many things have changed for the better and the influx of foreign tourists has assumed enormous proportions. Spain has become a fashionable country to visit; receipts from foreign tourism are mounting and some provinces (Catalonia, Balearics, Costa Blanca, Costa del Sol) have greatly profited. Yet, this is not enough to prevent economic distress. Probably a paternalistic rule, on the pattern of Primo de Rivera, under a liberal king would steer Spain out of her trouble. But one cannot see how 1960 can bring any drastic change. Franco is an astute man; he will not be easily frightened by signs of dissatisfaction. He should prepare his country for the change by slowly liberating political and social forces; the Church could have a great influence in shaping public opinion and fostering a movement similar to Don Sturzo's in Italy or C.D.U. in West Germany. What is urgently needed is an enlightened Catholic movement applying itself vigorously to the social problems of the country; unfortunately, the Church is much too much on the side of the traditional forces, which only intensifies the political paralysis.

On the other fringe of Europe, in Scandinavian countries, there will be no major changes this year; but the signing of the Stockholm agreement gave hope in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark of a more lively exchange of goods within the Outer Seven, this being coupled with a feeling that some sort of *modus vivendi* will be arranged with the six countries of the Common Market. The year will clarify the position of those two groupings: but it is already obvious that there is no room in Europe for an economic division, let alone an economic war, and that conflict will spell ruin to the prospects of Europe, which grew in prosperity during 1959. (The potentialities of Western Europe can be gauged from the fact that about 63 million tons of steel were produced last year by the Coal and Steel Community, while the output of the Soviet Union totalled some 60 million tons.) Let us hope that the counsels of reason will prevail and that the Outer Seven will advance towards an agreement with the Common Market.¹ *The New York Times* in its report

¹ See the article, by Prof. Thomas Balogh, 'Disunited Summit,' in the January issue of the *Twentieth Century*. He argues that the 'Common Market represents primarily a political conception which originally had its inspiration in the cold war' and that 'once the Franco-German bloc took its shape in the Common Market, it developed its own political momentum. . .'

from London (Jan. 12, 1960) sounded an optimistic note when it said: 'Contemporary citizens have already marked down 1959 as the year when Europe split itself into two trading *blocs*—the year of "Europe at Sixes and Sevens." But economic historians may have a different label. To them—depending on which way things go from here—1959 may be the year of the turning-point in the Western world toward the principle of complete free trade in non-farm goods. . . . A traveller through Europe toward the end of the year could not help getting the impression that a spirit of genuine trade liberalism was at work—a spirit dictated mainly by plain self-interest. . . . The era of free trade begun by Britain in 1840 came to a close early in this century with the first erection of tariff barriers. Is the age of protectionism, in turn, now approaching its demise?'

Talks held in January in Paris had for their object the breaking of the stalemate between the two groupings; and the fact that the U.S.A. amiably intervened in the debate shows the lively interest of America in both *blocs* coming to terms. Already during the Eisenhower stay in Paris in December last, American concern over the potential clash between the *blocs* was aired. Not only was America steadfastly sponsoring the idea of creating an area of free trade in Europe and of greater political cohesion (undoubtedly guided by her own success story of federation, and belief in the benefits of 'big units'), but the U.S.A. has now every reason to treat Western Europe more seriously from the economic point of view. It can be said that only now is Europe regarded by the U.S.A. as approaching

Contrary to British hopes, 'the third force has emerged and with a vengeance.' 'The German economic miracle,' says Prof. Balogh, 'is now followed by a similar French phenomenon.'

See also an article in the *World To-day* (January 1960) summing up the position of the Outer Seven. The author of the article is of the opinion that the Outer Seven 'is an ill-balanced, artificial creation, as French commentators . . . have not been slow to point out. . . . Forecasts of the probable impact on Western European trade of the formation of the two trade groupings involve intricate exercises. Such forecasts are hazardous, since the two trading groups will operate in conditions subject to continuous change, whereas the secondary effects of their measures, on individual countries' balance of payment, for instance, are highly problematical. . . . The creation of the Outer Seven grouping does not give anything away in advance in any bargaining involved in breaking the present deadlock; it contains no feature that is likely to be decisive in finally succeeding in breaking the deadlock; but it has great advantages in giving time to seek a new approach.'

some kind of equal footing with America; which means as a partner who does not need help but can help himself and even extend aid to other countries of the world (South Asia and Africa). A much healthier balance is introduced into Europe's relationship with America.

Reverting to Scandinavia, one can say that the prospects of a series of Summits were greeted there with restrained optimism; in Sweden, which is the most exposed of all Scandinavian countries and feels most acutely any pressure applied by Russia (especially to Finland), the mood is infinitely calmer than it was some five years ago. Sweden, like Switzerland, does not put her faith in alliances: she relies on her own defence, one of the most formidable in Europe. Sweden's naval and air force shield is fine, and even in the event of atomic warfare the country is better prepared than any other European State (with the exception of Switzerland), thanks to the granite rocks into which huge shelters have been hewed.

Holland is a country which has attracted too little attention in Great Britain, though her worries should be better understood here, for Holland was the State most cruelly tested in its imperial structure after the war. It has never been properly realized in this country that Java was for the Netherlands much more than India was for Britain. The inter-connecting links were more intricate, Holland's wealth was more dependent on Java than Britain's on India. The secession of Indonesia dealt a severe blow to Holland's prestige, riches, and international standing, but the country managed to absorb the shock. It has emerged in the post-war period with a vitality which has astonished many observers, and throughout numerous vicissitudes of the post-war era Holland has shown her firm determination to become a co-architect of a better organized and fused Continent. She has strengthened her trade links and all her great organizations: her K.L.M. airlines, her wonderful passenger and cargo fleets, her international concerns (Philips, Royal Dutch Oil, Unilever). Holland has a stable Government, an absence of strikes and industrial disputes, a monarchy which is deeply rooted in national tradition, a Queen who responds to some of the inner longings of that tidy, hard-working nation for a 'mother picture.' In twenty years Holland's ambitious plan, called the Delta Plan, which means embracing the whole estuary of the Rhine at an estimated cost of over £200 million and wrenching from the sea several

thousand hectares of land, will be finished. About 11,000 ocean-going ships entered Rotterdam harbour last year (400 more than in 1958); and Rotterdam is the 'second port of the earth' (more than 30,000 vessels—a total of more than 33 million tons—sail down the Rhine each year to Rotterdam). The country has produced more potatoes, eggs, milk, cheese, and flower bulbs than any other in the world. With bulbs alone Holland sold to the value of £19 million. A million people (43 per cent. of Holland's manpower) work in industry, earning about £850 million in foreign currency. Holland supports actively all European organizations, together with Belgium, which has produced that truly European figure, M. Spaak.

Belgium is by no means out of the wood—the Congo wood, to be exact—and the recent visit of King Baudouin proved that the situation there is fraught with difficulties, though few are insurmountable. Belgium has offered a 'responsible Government' to the Congo by the middle of the year and independence. The Belgian Congo kept quiet for a long time (and the Portuguese Angola is still in a comatose state) which gave Belgium a false impression that their Congo would be exempt from nationalist earthquake.

This is going to be Belgium's main preoccupation in the years to come, and on the solution of the thorny problem a good deal depends, the country's wealth included. She was able to weather the financial and economic storms of the 'forties, thanks to the discovery of uranium in the Congo. In the 'fifties she took giant steps towards prosperity—the World Fair was proof of the stability of Belgian economy. The re-shaping of Brussels, feverish building activities, and so on—all these have shown the world the perseverance and prosperity of the Belgians. Theirs is a country which wants fully to play a part as a model partner in all enterprises for forging a closer European unity. What may retard her is the African worry.

Switzerland is a country happy and contented in a circumscribed way, almost a period piece from the pre-1914 era. She has changed least of all among European countries, remaining an oasis of freedom and democracy practised in all domains, finance included. We have become so used in the West to State intervention in financial matters that we no longer regard as a democratic birthright the right of freely utilizing capital. Switzerland does not know anything of State control over her citizens' bank accounts and capital. She

is also that great country which believes that democracy is best cultivated on a small unit scale; that citizens should vote about issues of general interest, from atomic re-armament to the price of sugar. Personal participation in the affairs of the *commune* continues to be the best education in democracy. They still hold the view that centralization is deadly. It is a country where one does not feel the presence of a Government. It is a country which has kept its excellent press free from sensationalism, the bane of journalism in many Western communities; one where military duty is accepted as part of a citizen's responsibility (the Swiss army is among the best in the world, with a high standard of mechanization: they recently voted against nuclear weapons, but that does not mean that later on there will not be a change in policy. Her air force is one of the best in Europe).

What about Austria? Her recovery has been discussed at length, but it should be stressed that she has been particularly lucky. Russian occupation of the Eastern strips of Austria forced the country to develop the Western provinces and to exploit them industrially. Consequently a much better balance of industry and agriculture than ever before was created and now Austria can look forward to steady expansion of her industry. Foreign tourism is constantly increasing and hitherto unknown places in the Tyrol and other provinces have profited enormously.

Even more important, Austria has found a sense of mission which was sadly lacking in the 'thirties. She succumbed to Hitler out of the sheer exhaustion of fighting alone a hopeless economic battle, and from a total lack of a consciousness of integrity and personality. The German rule has convinced Austrians that they are made of different clay than their 'Big Brothers' from the North, and the greatest miracle of Austria is that air of confidence coupled with the belief that Austria can be neutral and be remoulded into another Switzerland. At the same time, Austria lying, as she does, on the border of East and West wants to become a cultural link between East and West, and Vienna is ideally situated for that ambition. Culturally, Vienna is now an infinitely happier place than after the First World War when she presented the sorry picture of the outsize capital of a deflated Empire. Now Vienna is a capital in its own right, and a great musical centre (Salzburg is also coming into its own). Austria has likewise healed her political wounds: the

pre-war scuffles between Catholics and Socialists have ended. A coalition of People's Party and Socialists has been ruling the country and, in spite of a slight shift towards the Left, there is no reason to suppose that the coalition will break down. The Austrian Socialists, once rather vehement in their Marxism, have abandoned its tenets (a state of affairs by no means exclusive to Austria), coming to the conclusion that Marxism applied in undiluted form is incompatible with democracy (which, in the last analysis, means respect for human freedom within the framework of an ordered society). This great change in European Socialism is one of the most significant achievements of the post-war years, one which was brought about largely by the demonstration of Soviet Marxism methods. Another significant move on the Continent was the return to old liberal rules in economy, to free enterprise tempered by social conscience. Belgium and Federal Germany, both of which applied those liberal principles of economy, fared much better than those countries which stuck too long to the maxims of Socialism and planned economy. Free enterprise brought quicker returns than *dirigisme*, this being principally a result of want and shortages.

And the problem of Europe's integration? It seems that by now we can see the main outlines of the attitude which has been developing in Europe since 1945. Integration of the Continent could not be brought about because of its fatal split into two parts: the free and the unfree. It has become clear that a truncated Europe must result and that such a solution will have to be accepted merely as second-best. It is realized that both politically and economically (and culturally and spiritually) this will mean impoverishment of Europe as a whole: only if united could the Continent represent a real force for peace and progress balancing the two new giants, the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union. This has had to be shelved for a long time to come—the idea of 'liberation' of Eastern Europe was abandoned by the Americans after a short and rather irresponsible political intoxication. The idea which replaced it was a long-term one: the slow disintegration of the Communist Empire in Europe and some centrifugal processes which, backed by the more liberal trends in Russia proper, would eventually give Eastern Europe either the status of a Finland (even shift it to positive neutrality) or, as an *optimum*, leave it free to join a larger European Community. Now, in 1960, this seems to be a dream: a chance of

creating a neutral belt running across Europe (a modification of Rapacki's Plan) appears for the moment to be simply a distant possibility.

What is immediately urgent is Western Europe's integration. This could have been achieved sooner but for the vacillations of Britain. A precious psychological moment was lost. Nevertheless, in spite of all ups and downs it is now obvious that though European unity cannot be carried through in its original conception, the idea is not just a theorist's pipe dream, but a real urge. This has been played down in this country. Although the sense of sovereignty, and attachment to nationalist ideas, proved stronger than was expected, the desire to unite cannot be discarded as futile and artificial. It is a compelling force. That is why we can call the preceding decade an era of clarification of European idea, still imperfect but making progress. Professor Max Beloff in his thoughtful article 'Britain's Role in Europe' (*The Times*, Dec. 15, 1959) rightly stated: 'We may have been right in saying that federation was not for us, and that events would prove that the enthusiasm expressed for it, particularly in France, was not to be taken at its face value. But we perhaps allowed these genuine and justified doubts to take us too far along the path of simple negation, believing that they absolved us from making any positive proposals of our own. For if the forms of integration proposed may have been in the long run unsuitable, the Europeans' readiness for change and experiment has proved to be quite genuine.'

So Europe enters 1960 with qualified hopes: for a *détente* in the East-West relationship and with the optimistic belief that war will recede further and further into the background; for a constant progress of prosperity and for increasing cohesion of the Continent; for Europe achieving more and more prestige and weight in international affairs. These hopes are somehow dimmed by the African alarms. However, Europe feels that in the great economic race between East and West the old Continent, with its accumulated wealth of talent and experience, its industriousness and its will to work, is bound to play an ever more important rôle. Europe is entering the sixth decade of our century with a renewed faith in its part in the adventurous, turbulent world of to-day.

Z. A. GRABOWSKI

THE TYRANNY OF CONFORMITY

'WHOSO would be a man must be a non-conformist.'

This was the considered view of the great American philosopher and writer, Ralph Waldo Emerson. It is contained in his *Essay on Self-Reliance*, one of that famous group of twenty in which there is discussed the nature, the hopes and aims, the triumphs and the failures, the attempts at self-justification, of man and his works.

These essays mark, perhaps, the greatest achievement of American literature and the widest range of American thought, in the days when, as never before or since, there was such a thing as a distinct American Literature not shrinking from comparison with the best of England's Victorian Age. In its ranks were Emerson and Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Whittier, Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry Thoreau and Herman Melville. Some of them, like Emerson himself, were of the Unitarian faith, holding reason as important as revelation. More belonged to the Massachusetts group who called themselves Transcendentalists, gathered at a little town, the scene of the beginning of the colonial revolt against the mother-country, Concord, near Boston, where they formed an 'Academia' in the semblance of that at Athens. Here was developed a cultural forum, stressing philosophy and literature, like to which nothing in America has since been known.

But let us examine briefly the above rather challenging proposition. What, exactly, is its real significance? How far-reaching are its connotations? And what bearing has it upon contemporary life, especially in America?

Emerson was the central figure and the leader in what was known as the Massachusetts School of Philosophy. This was a movement peculiar to its time and place. The time was the middle of the nineteenth century when, the war between the States not having torn the country apart and turned men's thoughts away from abstractions, there was a nationwide cultural renaissance instigated and encouraged by the expanding strength and prosperity of the Republic. The place was that whence most that was best and that always has been best in American culture has sprung, New England, and of New England the foundation State of Massachusetts.

The School and its adherents, of whom the noted 'radical' Theodore Parker, who spent his last years in Florence and is buried there not far from the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was one though never actually a member of the School itself, chose the afore-said term, transcendentalists, which stemmed, though only vaguely, from the Jena School of Transcendental Idealism.

The term really had no fixed or definite meaning. Broadly it connoted reform of a political, moral, and educational nature, but it set no actual goals or even intentions. Even more broadly it stressed the importance of spiritual values and considerations. Indeed, Matthew Arnold said of its leader, 'He was the guide and companion of all those who sought to live by the spirit.'

Emerson's philosophy was jeered at by the Harvard professors, as 'foggy.' But they, of course, were rigid conformists. As such, Harvard being the heart and centre of New England conservatism, they feared anything that might 'transcend,' even in thought, the fixed standards of the day. Yet to-day, it is worth-while to note, there is at Harvard an Emerson Hall, where in the philosophy courses the master's thought receives a profound respect.

But when one considers an assertion that he once made, it is little wonder that he frightened and angered the conservatism of the day.

'The aspect this country presents is a certain maniacal activity. Has it generated any intellectual power? One would say there is nothing colossal but its geography and its material activity.'

This was then deemed, and it would be so deemed to-day when conditions in America are such as would beyond doubt have stirred the great non-conformist even to stronger language, highly inflammatory talk. So inflammatory, indeed, that Emerson was more than once called an 'anarchist.' The latter, it should be noted, was the expletive then common to describe, or to castigate, an articulate opponent of the *status quo*, the political or the economic *status quo*—just as 'communist' is the popular term to-day.

But Emerson's friends called him 'independent and sincere,' and so he is considered to-day. 'Anarchist' or not, it is true enough that he was a cultural rebel, true enough that he believed intellectual stagnation must ultimately engender political, moral, and educational stagnation, an anfractuous trend toward a fixed and settled

condition in human concerns that meant an end to all worthwhile progress, and finally a civilization 'only a little above the beasts.'

This, the logical end of a tyranny of conformity culturally akin to the most drastic of political tyrannies, Emerson and his school of thought devoted their lives to combating. The leader was ably seconded by Lowell and Holmes, Hawthorne and Thoreau. Henry, the 'Sage of Walden Pond,' carried his non-conformism into the realm of economics. He refused to pay the small land-tax on his property at the edge of the Pond, and, after the fashion of the time, was thrown into gaol. There Emerson, somewhat dismayed, visited him.

'Henry,' he is said to have exclaimed, 'why are you here?'

'Ralph,' Thoreau replied, taking his disconcerting position very placidly, 'why are you not here?'

But the Concord Transcendentalists were not, on the whole, as militant as the 'Sage of Walden Pond.' Their ideas, which really centred about the concept of self-reliance in the individual as opposed to mass conformity, were, they believed, 'best conveyed without raising one's voice,' as Lucien Price, one of the ablest of present-day American philosophical writers, well puts it. They foresaw clearly enough, even as the great philosophic historian Jakob Burckhardt, in Europe, foresaw—and was jeered at as a 'misfit'—that in mass-culture and machine-industry there lay the danger of a kind of cultural communism that should, that must, result in an intellectual 'mass-production' differing as greatly from intellectual self-reliance as machine-production differed from the fine material individuality that characterized the work of the craftsman-guilds.

There is, though no one seems to have marked it, a rather striking parallel between Burckhardt and the non-conformist school of thought led by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Said the former,

I expect nothing from the despotism of the masses but a future tyranny ruinous to art and literature. Modern man's mass abdication of individuality as barter for an impossible security for himself and property is another symptom. Triviality likes to be tyrannical and to impose its yoke upon nobler spirits.

'Will it be believed,' asks Mr Price, 'that Burckhardt wrote that sentence on May 25, 1859, instead of on May 25, 1959?'

Says Emerson, 'What I must do is all that concerns me, not what

people think. The objection to conforming to usages is, that it scatters your force. It blurs the impression of your character. A man should consider what a blind-man's-bluff is this game of conformity.'

The strength of conformity lies largely in the complacency of the comfortably placed classes. Despite continual and significant social changes, notwithstanding what Burckhardt called 'the perpetual mutability of all conditions' (and he was talking of a hundred years ago!), those classes not only fear and resent change of any kind but apply to such as recognize and seek to adjust to it sundry stigma, such as 'communist,' 'dangerous radical,' 'agitator.'

But all this has more to do with the material phase of conformity. There, indeed, its tyranny is plain enough, and nowhere so much as in America. The fear of departing from the prescribed mode is becoming deeply ingrained in all classes of society, not only in the 'comfortably placed.' It is a charge which, brought against one, may well have serious consequences, especially in small communities, where everyone knows what his fellow is doing, and pretty much what he is thinking. You must fit into the pattern. Otherwise it may go hardly with you, especially if your calling is dependent upon the favour of your neighbours, as in the case of a professional man, physician, barrister, newspaper editor.

But the tyranny of conformity is, I think, far more evident in the cultural phase, in the realm of thought, in the arts, in the adamant rejection of new ideas and the fear of them, in the obstinate and unintelligent disregard of 'the mutability of all conditions.'

The fear of change is, of course, ingrained, perhaps atavistic. In mass-psychology, security is held to lie only in stability, in unchangeable customs, conditions, manners. The reason for these may altogether have disappeared. Their justification may no longer exist. Their retention may be an impediment before all true progress, which is, of course, cultural progress. Yet there is a stubborn cleavage to them. The typical English phrases, 'It isn't done,' or 'It is done,' still carry overwhelming weight, though in many instances it is impossible to say just what they are based upon. But they are more often than not slogans of unreasoning conformity.

Clearly, the antithesis of conformity is self-reliance. This was the foundation of the transcendentalist philosophy. Emerson, in his essay on it, said, 'Believe your own thought, speak your latent

conviction. The highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is, that they set at naught tradition and spoke, not what men, but what they themselves thought.'

'In religious concernments'—to use the words of Roger Williams—the Massachusetts Academicians were regarded rather more than askance by the dyed-in-the-wool New England Puritans, the inheritors of the seventeenth-century Pilgrim tradition, and in words like these their religious 'radicalism' left them pretty much a sect by themselves, 'He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of "goodness," but must explore if it really *be* goodness.' In other words, revelation must leave room for reason.

This, of course, especially in the New England of a hundred years ago, was non-conformity with a vengeance. Yet for two centuries before the tyranny of conformity in the original American colonies was probably the most ruthless of all. It drove men like Roger Williams out of the Bay Colony into the wilderness among the Indians. Its mercilessness was ferociously manifest in the hanging of Mary Dyer, who, fleeing it with the others, had the hardihood to return—and was hanged in Boston.

The incredible and cruelly implemented traditionalism behind all this had by no means disappeared from New England in Emerson's time, and indeed it is likely that the impetus behind the new movement that had its origin, however vague, in German idealistic thought, came from a reaction to rigid and often ruthless puritanism.

In New England, as so often in the Old World, you refused to conform at your peril, at your extreme peril. Nothing less than the capital penalty challenged your intransigency. Short of this, and into the nineteenth century, your punishment could be social ostracism, economic ruin. Indeed, even into this twentieth century the cultural rebel may, and often does, find his path a thorny one. Yet would not the weight of intelligent opinion to-day support Emerson's opening proposition?

Is your thought, This is an hard saying. Who can hear it? But consider that, in their adherence to it, consciously or not, courageous men, like Emerson, have achieved for the race such cultural progress as it has made. How else? Conformism is static. Non-conformism is dynamic. That is the real significance of Emerson's

challenge. To stand still, intellectually slothful, in porcine contentment. Or to advance, seeking always, as Browning said, that which is a little beyond the grasp, recognizing the mutability of all conditions, but especially cultural conditions, holding firmly to a determination to keep pace as the world 'swings for ever down the ringing grooves of change.'

'I will at least be free to think and free to write; the world prevents us well enough from doing,' lamented Goethe. But conformity in its tyranny places sufficient obstacles in the way of freedom to write, even of freedom to think. 'The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement, being in unceasing antagonism to that disposition to aim at something better than the ordinary.'

The inseparability of 'whoso would be a man' from a position of defiance of conformity, as stressed by the Concord philosopher, has the widest of connotations for our time, and a very direct bearing upon contemporary life. 'I am ashamed to think,' he said, 'how easily we capitulate to badges and names, [insignia and slogans?] to large societies and to dead institutions.'

And, what is even worse, the 'badges and the names' often, more often than not, have no clear meaning nor definite significance to those who capitulate to them. Or, in some cases, to those who reject them. It is, for example, the current trend to characterize as 'communitistic,' anything, and practically everything, that seems at variance with the accepted *status quo*, especially the political *status quo*. 'Define your terms,' demanded Voltaire, 'before you argue with me.' It is a legitimate insistence. For how many men have a definite idea what they are talking about when they mouth the term 'communism'? It is little more than an epithet of disdain, or sometimes fear. In a hearing sometime ago before an American Congressional Committee investigating 'un-American activities,' one of the members of the House actually inquired, when the name of Marx came up, 'Which Marx, Harpo or Groucho?' He was hastily corrected by a colleague, and the reporters were ordered to 'keep this off the record.'

Similarly with many other terms, slogans, and insignia. They are mouthed glibly and the multitude pays its deference to them. Ask the average man what he means by, for example, 'democracy.' The odds are heavy that we will stammer and hesitate, and flounder

about for some half-remembered definition he has heard somewhere. In any case, it is fairly safe to assert that the reply will differ ten times with ten individual queries.

What, then, is the significance and the portent of this? Is it not that rigid intellectual conformity arising out of a fear of being thought 'different' stultifies the mind and destroys all capacity for clear and independent thought? If you cannot define the terms you use, they mean nothing to you, and less than nothing to others. Simply put, you do not know what you are talking about, and neither does anyone else.

The intellectual brilliance of the Periclean Age in Greece was largely due to the fact that every Greek entitled to participate in the public discussions not only did not fail so to participate and to declare himself but also had his own views, based on the 'independent and sincere thought' so valued by Emerson and his school, and was encouraged to declare them fearlessly in public assembly, with the certainty that they would be listened to and, with rare exceptions, listened to respectfully and without prejudice.

Such a thing as the regimentation of thought, that is to say, intellectual conformity, was practically unknown. Unless it was considered that he was actually undermining the state, treasonable, like Socrates, Xenophon, Miltiades, and Thucydides, he need have no apprehension in stating his opinions, however 'radical.'

But the great point is that he *had* opinions. They were not borrowed, to the very phraseology, from newspaper leading-articles, magazine propaganda, wireless-broadcasters, and television commentators, these contemporary protagonists of intellectual conformity, these principal leaders and directors of cultural regimentation. They exercise, or some of them do, an influence over current thought that is nothing less than tyrannical. In the interests of one cause or another, on behalf of some powerful agency, political, economic, commercial, even educational, they conduct a propaganda antagonistic to every tendency toward independence in thought, hostile to the most fundamental conception of intellectual democracy.

When in the course of human history has there been a cultural tyranny like this, the tyranny that encourages and fosters, almost forces, conformity in all things, but chiefly in the concerns of the mind? It is a tyranny that channels, that directs, that, in most

subtle and insidious fashion, guides and shapes, that urges and pleads on one occasion, cajoles and proclaims on another, threatens and denounces on a third.

One of the most obvious evils of intellectual conformity is the loss of confidence in one's own opinions, thus making one a ready victim to the thought-regimentor, whether a political demagogue seeking only his own aggrandizement, or some agency or interest, perhaps newspaper or magazine, seeking to shape and direct public opinion.

Boris Pasternak, in his remarkable book, *Dr Zhivago*, calls this 'the root of all the evil that was to come,' the evil, that is, attending the Russian revolution. 'It was the main misfortune,' he says. 'People imagined that they must all sing in chorus and live by others' notions, notions that were crammed down everybody's throat. Thus arose the power of the glittering phrase.'

'The power of the glittering phrase.' That is to say, the slogan, the catch-word, the insignia. Is its power any less in the so-called 'free world' than it is in the other, except perhaps in the manner of the manifestation of that power? Is not the individualism that Emerson rightly deemed the foundation of self-reliance being stifled by cultural conformity as certainly on this side of the 'iron curtain' as on the other, if perhaps not as determinedly systematized and planned?

'How many individuals can we count in society?' asks the Concord philosopher. 'How many opinions? In the view of the popular mind your rejection of the popular standard is a rejection of *all* standards, indeed a kind of antinomianism.'

The logical conclusion to this line of thought is, of course, that you are 'dangerous,' an enemy of the people, or, in the popular parlance, a 'communist.' Yet the real danger lies, not in you, in your determined independence of thought, your cultural individualism, but in the popular view which would discourage the one and stifle the other.

In his notable book *Mind in the Making*, Dr James Harvey Robinson uttered the striking phrase 'herd-thought.' He warned of the increasing tendency to 'think by the herd,' an even greater danger, he thought, than to act by the herd. The individualist, in either regard, resembled the animal which, actuated by some strange impulse, suddenly ceased its quiet grazing to trot off by itself to a

far corner of the field. The rest would stare wonderingly after it, not understanding, feeling uneasily that something was wrong, perhaps even growing suspicious.

Rigid conformity has indeed something of the animal about it, the herd. It is equally atavistic, a reversion to the days of men's need to cling together for safety. To act upon one's own volition imperilled not only the actor but the group. Out of this necessity of action only by the group naturally developed group- or herd-thought.

Thus the tyranny of conformity is the tyranny of the mass. 'What worse tyranny,' asks Homer, 'than a usurping crowd?' The crowd, that is, which usurps the right of thought and action, demanding that *its* way and no other be the way of all men. The inevitable and easily foreseeable conclusion is the discouragement of all worthy progress, the moulding of the mind into a fixed form.

A striking, if homely, illustration is the changing language, the transformation of the 'trebly-welded English tongue' into something which considers neither grace nor flexibility but only a kind of sharp and pungent expressiveness.

Oscar Wilde was asked, upon his return from his American tour, for his impressions of the western land.

'We have much in common,' he said, 'but there is always the language barrier.'

What, one wonders, would he have said to-day? For in America a new and strange tongue is being developed, one less and less intelligible to the educated Englishman, so full is it of idiom, colloquialism, Hollywood slang, and gangster *argot*. In line with the fast-moving fashion of American life, the haste, in all concerns, the restlessness, the determination not to 'waste time,' the mass-vocabulary has gradually diminished in content until the emphasis is upon certain 'key' words. Richest of all languages in synonyms as is our native tongue and therefore lending itself above all others to gracious and effective speech, yet in America it is now being reduced to its barest essentials mingled with words and terms and phrases concerned altogether with rapid and forceful expression and meanings intelligible to the least mature mentality.

Some of the aforesaid 'key' words are worth noting as examples of the limited American vocabulary. Everywhere you hear the word 'delicious' as it is applied to everything from the beauty of a

sunset to a succulent apple. Lately, at a table with several others, the writer heard the word, never a very engaging one, used by a single person no less than six times in the course of the meal.

'Enjoy' is such another. You 'enjoy' everything from a walk in the park to the latest novel. 'Organize' means not only preparation for anything, anywhere, any time, but also to get yourself into the proper state of mind for this or that. If you are in a railway-train and your station approaches, you 'get organized' in order to alight. If something has upset your equilibrium, physical or mental, either one, you 'organize yourself' in order to regain it. You are constantly being urged to 'relax,' yet the stranger in America finds little evidence of anyone doing so.

These words, and a number more that might be cited, are universal linguistic currency in America, and an avoidance of them in favour of other unfamiliar is very likely to be deemed counterfeiting. Few things are more suspect than linguistic non-conformity. It is thought affectation, or 'showing off your learning.' And the amazing thing is that educated people, university products, have in their majority fallen into this same manner of diminished vocabulary and colourless language.

The universal form of greeting is 'Hi!' You may as well be hanged as employ any other. Its universality is shared with the term 'okay.' The origin of this, following the Great War, has never been satisfactorily explained. One theory is that none other than Woodrow Wilson is responsible, probably an undeserved indictment. He was accustomed to mark his approval of matters submitted to him for judgment with 'okeh.' This is presumably of Greek derivation, but whether it has any connection with the most popular word in the American version of the English language is doubtful.

That word has a surprising range of meanings. It may refer to the physical state of your being or to your affairs generally, to your opinion of Mr Khrushchev or to the merits of Mr Nixon as a presidential candidate, to the prospect of to-morrow's weather or to the day's leading article in the *New York Times*. It is used by everybody—well, practically by everybody—on all occasions, with reference to all subjects, in every conceivable connection. It is the universal American term, the 'key' word of all conversational intercourse, and it is the very hall-mark of linguistic conformity.

Thus the American language, in its drastic conformity, is in

danger of reaching a kind of *reductio ad absurdum*. The responsibility for this lies a good deal with the cinema and the 'literature' of the masses, that is, the cruder portion of the press—the cruder and more popular—and the mass-produced 'pulp' (rough paper) type of magazine. Like the dialogue of the average 'movie,' these magazines, of which there are said to be more than a thousand different ones but differing very little in content and character, are written in language, largely colloquial and vernacular, easily understood by the average fourteen-year-old American, yet an educated Englishman would require a translation. To this fell influence as much, perhaps, as to any other, may be attributed the degradation of the English tongue in America down to its present low-level of rigid conformity.

It is clear that conversational intercourse in words of one, two, and three syllables within a limited vocabulary, and thought at a similar level, must inevitably result in a kind of intellectual atrophy ultimately destructive of all capacity to deal intelligently with matters of any importance, whether political, economic, moral, educational, or social. A level of mass-conformity is reached at which the demagogue wields an easy influence and the despot unhindered control. Even as the one-eyed man is the acknowledged leader in a kingdom of the blind, so the half-educated is the accepted tyrant in a multitude of the mentally atrophied.

To the perceptive stranger in America to-day, or in varying degree in many other countries, the thing most immediately obvious is material conformity, mass-acceptance of tendencies ranging from the type of clothing to the drastically standardized American breakfast, and food mostly tinned or frozen. But a little further acquaintance, particularly in America, will discover the extent of the cultural conformity that is at the same time much more tyrannical and infinitely more dangerous.

This discovery will come primarily out of conversation when that is at random as opportunity may occur, and not selective and thus unrepresentative. Further enlightenment comes with scanning the nation's press, but in this case, too, at random and not selective. A little concern with public libraries discloses what the mass reads there and what books are borrowed. Here one is shocked to find, almost always, the sort of suggestive work that now is 'popular' reading, *Peyton Place*, *Lolita*, *By Love Possessed*, numberless

others, most of them containing such words and dialogue as, easily within living memory, both authors and publishers were gaoled for giving the public. You inquire of the library how it is that such matter is on hand, with no restraint whatever upon its issuance to youth, and the answer invariably is, 'It's what the readers want.' If you are so bold as to suggest that what readers want, especially youthful readers, is not necessarily or always what readers should have, you are contemplated with surprise, if not with mild disdain. You are out-of-date, unaware that, as a high American federal judge somewhat disturbingly put it the other day when the book *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, in an 'unexpurgated edition,' was under consideration for admission to a certain State, 'morals have changed.' That being the case, the book was admitted.

This introduces another phase of the tyranny of conformity, and the results of that tyranny, probably the most dangerous phase.

The mass morals of any community or state are largely influenced, if not determined, by the quality and character of its reading-matter, and by its forms of entertainment. To-day the form of entertainment which comes to the mass is mainly the cinema, television—which is gradually replacing it—and cheap printed matter. The first is settling into a groove of sex, violence, and 'horror.' Indeed, a prominent Hollywood executive stated frankly only the other day that these were the elements constituting the best 'box-office appeal' and therefore would continue to be emphasized.

It conformed to the wishes of the majority of patrons, this majority being, almost everywhere, youth from the early 'teens to the twenties. Television does not yet go so far along such lines as the cinema, but it is approaching that standard. It also deals largely in a form of entertainment agreeable to the fourteen-year-old mentality, and thus contributes to a general lowering of the cultural level.

Atop all this, and even more menacing to morals and culture alike, is the over sexed novel, such as those above-mentioned, and scores more appearing every day. In America every book-stall, 'drug-store,' news-stand, and sweet-shop displays hundreds of paper-bound books, everyone with a sexually provocative, flamboyant, cover. Alongside them are displayed scores of weekly and monthly magazines similarly adorned. Nine out of ten of these

also display in prominent type the title of a glaringly sexual story or article. There is a magazine called *Confidential*, claiming five million circulation, which purports to reveal the 'sex-secrets' of movie stars, prominent business men, athletes in the public eye, and even statesmen. Another such magazine is called *Whispers*, a third *Sensational Police Secrets*.

The current demand as to books is of a character no publishers can ignore and continue to publish. One author of this writer's acquaintance was told by her publishers that, 'the changing moral atmosphere makes it necessary to put more "punch" into your books.' By 'punch' was meant suggestiveness and 'strength of dialogue,' i.e., plenty of profanity.

This is the level, especially in America, but to a large extent also in England and many other countries, to which what the aforesaid judge called the 'change in morals' has degraded mass-preference in literature and entertainment. This is the nature and effect of conformity in one of the most dangerous directions. This is the menace that threatens a nation or a culture, insomuch as no nation or no culture can survive, or ever has survived, the disintegration of its moral fibre.

'Nothing contracts the heart like symmetry,' said Hugo. For 'symmetry' may not inaccurately be substituted 'conformity,' which not only contracts the heart but stultifies the intellect and reduces all things to a dead level of mediocrity. It saps not only the capacity but the inclination of a man toward self-reliance. It makes the determining factor in all things the intellectual lowest common denominator. It creates the herd-mind and ultimates in the herd-thought that is no thought at all but merely a blind and unreasoning adherence to a custom or a policy established by those who think to profit by the exploitation of the mass.

The exploitation may be political, or it may be economic. As we have seen, it may have moral implications. It may be, and to some degree undoubtedly is, educational. Certainly it is cultural, in the broadest sense. Danger lies in each. The utmost peril to the individual and to civilization lies in the combination of them all. Self-reliance, which, as Emerson showed, is the annihilator of conformity, the destroyer of the tyrant, alone can avert these dangers. Therefore, one of the primary objectives of the educational process should be to inculcate this quality. If it fails, what we understand by the term 'civilization' is itself threatened.

MARC T. GREENE

GUILTY: ANY ADVANTAGE?

THOSE who have no knowledge or experience of our criminal courts, or of the considerable changes in outlook that they have undergone during the past seventy years, may find it unreasonable, and possibly absurd, to suggest that under any circumstances it can be to the advantage of an accused that he or she should be found guilty of crime. There will always be many cases in which only verdicts of Not Guilty can bring justice. Instances are cases of mistaken identity where a wrong person has been accused; or it may happen that the facts as proved in court are capable of both a criminal and an innocent interpretation, as, for example, where there has undoubtedly been violence to someone, or even a killing, and a genuine defence is made that the accused acted in self-defence. Many other occasions can be imagined where only verdicts of Not Guilty can satisfy the accused and also the demands of justice. But there are always a considerable number of cases where beyond doubt the accused has committed certain acts, or failed to perform some duty, and both facts and motive are such that pleas of Guilty would be justified. It is primarily with this type of case that this article is concerned.

The uninitiated may still think that obviously verdicts of Not Guilty are to the advantage of the accused, for then no punishment can be imposed. This is true, but such reasoning is superficial and to a great extent out of date, for to-day our criminal courts are not solely concerned with the punishment of those who have been found guilty. About a century ago almost all of those found guilty of serious crime were punished severely, so there could be no question of acquittals being to the disadvantage of the accused. Some of the minor offenders were 'bound over to keep the peace,' as many still are at the present time, but sentence of death was the fate of a high proportion of those found guilty of serious crime. From the days of the first Queen Elizabeth until just over a century ago an alternative was transportation, which involved most cruel treatment, even if in the end there might be a ray of hope. But this is all past history. Slowly the emphasis in the selection of sentences has shifted from automatic deterrent punishment to a consideration of the

possibilities of reformation. The latter may not exist, in which case severe sentences to prison may still have to be imposed, but the first thoughts in the minds of judges and magistrates to-day are directed to the suitability of curative treatment. Those responsible for passing sentence may even go further at the present time; except in cases of murder and a few other crimes which almost never occur, they have the power to take no action at all. Offenders found Guilty may be discharged, just as if they had been found Not Guilty. This remarkable power is obviously more used in Magistrates' Courts than in the courts where the more serious crimes are dealt with, but this power exists in all courts.

A further alternative, one that is frequently used by all courts, is to place offenders on probation. In strict law this is not a sentence, and in this fact lies the story of a somewhat sentimental approach to the subject by the Home Office, a story that cannot be told here. Except for the fact that the law provides that offenders over the age of fourteen shall only be placed on probation if they consent to such a course, as they almost always do, this is for all practical purposes a sentence. It means that an offender remains liable to be punished for a fixed term, but that no punishment will be inflicted if he or she behaves adequately and carries out the terms of the probation order. The most valuable of these terms is that the offender is to be under the supervision of a probation officer. All criminal courts now have available the services of these officers of both sexes. Except where the court directs that offenders shall live where they are told, those on probation are free to live where they choose and to carry on their ordinary work. In 1948 a noteworthy extension of these powers was given in that, if the offenders agree, they may be directed by their probation order to submit themselves to expert medical treatment, ordinarily by a medical psychiatrist. This new power is a remarkable example of the distance that our criminal courts have travelled from the old conception of automatic punishment. I was one of the pioneers in this form of treatment, and it was my experience that even some of those who had been severely punished in the past for similar conduct could be helped by this kind of treatment to cease their criminal behaviour.

Offenders who are considered to be unfit for discharge or probation have to be sent to some kind of institution. But here also vast changes have been made, particularly for those under the age of

twenty-one. For them there are several kinds of institution in all of which training is held to be at least as important as detention. There is one institution that is not even residential; what are called Attendance Centres have been established to which young offenders can be ordered to go during part of their free time, the idea being to teach certain young offenders who have misbehaved that they may have their liberty restricted. At present these centres are in an experimental stage and there are but few of them. The motive behind their creation was excellent, but they would be more likely to be successful if the order to attend them could be part of a probation order, so that the influence of a probation officer could also work on these offenders. But the Home Office has always insisted that even enlightened punishment can never be combined with probation.

Residential institutions range from Approved Schools to prisons. At the former the young inmates live for many years under conditions that approximate as nearly as possible to those of ordinary boarding schools. These schools, of which there are many kinds, cater both for children who have committed crime and for those whose home conditions are seriously defective. For offenders between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one there are now Detention Centres where the average stay is three months. These are also experimental and few in number, though big efforts are being made to establish more of them. They are intended for young people who have caused considerable trouble and need a short and sharp period of training of a somewhat severe nature. I was much impressed during a visit to one of these centres by both the ability of the staff in control and the methods adopted; I felt that all possible was being done to teach the young inmates that strict discipline can be imposed upon them if they do not adhere to minimum standards of behaviour. For offenders of these ages who have committed more serious crimes, or whose record is bad, there are a number of Borstal Institutions. These date from 1902 and are of many kinds, each catering for a particular type of delinquent. Only the higher courts can pass this kind of sentence, but Magistrates' Courts can remand cases to Quarter Sessions with a recommendation that such a sentence be passed. Nominally the sentence is for three years, but the average period of residence is eighteen months, followed by a period of compulsory supervision similar to that of probation. I

have
away
their
crime
to pr
Bors
For
tution
offen
for r
facto
diffe
priso
After
can
repr
sent
prep
tact
sent
char
thei
men
to t
In s
carr
vary
atte
and
befo
T
hop
trav
had
tha
of
off
sen
gen

have visited several of these institutions and have always come away with the thought that courageous efforts are being made for their difficult inmates, many of whom have bad records of past crimes. Big changes are being planned, so that in future youths sent to prison for long terms shall be given indeterminate sentences and Borstal training.

For offenders over the age of twenty-one the only available institutions are prisons, and it is likely that soon they will be the only offenders who receive such sentences. But here again the enthusiasm for reform has been at work. Our prisons are admittedly unsatisfactory, for they were erected long ago and for purposes utterly different from those now required. But there are now several open prisons which resemble camps more than prisons of the old type. After a period of observation in walled prisons those inmates who can be trusted are sent to these camp-like institutions; even some reprieved murderers spend there the last years of their alternative sentence. In this way it is believed that prisoners can be better prepared for their release; they live in sight of and have some contacts with the free world and avoid the deterioration that long sentences within prison walls are apt to bring about. Another great change in general prison life has been made as regards the staff and their relations with the prisoners. No longer only turn-keys who merely give orders, prison officers are now trained and encouraged to take a personal part in the rehabilitation of those in their charge. In some of the old walled prisons bold experimental work is being carried on, despite the overcrowding. Psychological treatments in varying forms are available, and in general big and praiseworthy attempts are being made to straighten out the lives of the inmates and to make them on release more law-abiding than they were before.

This short sketch of the changes that have been made will, I hope, show how far our methods of handling the guilty have travelled from the days of automatic punishment. Great progress had been made towards making sentences fit the offender rather than his crime. The possibilities are now extensive that verdicts of Guilty will be followed by serious attempts to reform the offender, whether or not punishment is imposed. Severe punitive sentences still have to be imposed in some cases, but even so, genuine attempts at reform are made. But the important problem

has to be faced whether those whose work lies in our criminal courts have thought out the consequences that must follow from these changes.

In one matter the criminal law itself has not shaken off the habits of the days that have passed. It is still the law that young people between the ages of eight and fourteen come within the ancient principle of '*doli incapax*'; they are incapable of crime; but this presumption can be rebutted by evidence showing that at the time they had 'sufficient discretion to form a correct estimate of their conduct.' This ancient principle was developed by judges in the days when children could be and were sentenced to death for crimes that would now be dealt with by probation. Sir Matthew Hale (1609-76) wrote in his famous *Pleas of the Crown* that 'this presumption may be rebutted by evidence, and if it should appear that the infant was *doli capax*, he may be convicted and executed.' About a century later Blackstone said the same in his *Commentaries*. As during these centuries children were in fact executed, this judicial dogma was valuable and remained so, for reform came slowly. In Victorian times two important changes were made. The number of capital offences was heavily reduced and a practice grew up of using the royal prerogative to reprieve some children who had been sentenced to death or transportation on condition that they were taken to live in a school conducted by a charity. Before the war of 1939 I went to one of these schools and saw in its museum the formal documents by which the children were handed over, each one signed by the Queen. I also saw the tiny handcuffs in which these children arrived. None-the-less, the law retained its principle of *doli incapax* and retains it to-day, regardless of the fact that statute law now demands of courts handling young offenders that they shall 'have regard to the welfare of the child or young person'; in other words the welfare of a child is to be considered before any question of punishment. Happily most juvenile courts take this doctrine lightly, but in my time there was one court that took a legalistic view of it with the result that most of the accused children were acquitted to their own detriment, the surprise of their parents, and to the distress of the police. That this doctrine can be harmful to an accused can be shown by a case in 1938 in which a boy of thirteen was charged at the Old Bailey with the murder of a girl of four. The facts were well summarized in the *Medico-Legal Review*:

'The girl's body was found tied up in a sack in a conservatory communicating with the boy's bedroom. A gag had been pushed into the child's mouth and her neck, arms, and legs bound with rope and linen. The crime was of a sexual nature.' For the defence this doctrine of *doli incapax* was put forward and the jury acquitted the lad on this ground, doubtless in the belief that they were being merciful. It is unwise to comment on cases that have been acquitted, but it may reasonably be said that whatever the condition of this lad before his trial, the elaborate judicial process in which he was the central figure and the final result must have made him an even more difficult problem. He could not possibly understand why he had been acquitted. Had the verdict been one of Guilty, no punishment would have followed, but the authorities would have had the power for a long period to deal with him according to his needs.

The motives of the defending lawyers in this case and of the jury were presumably that it must be to the advantage of an accused to be found Not Guilty. This assumption remains widespread to this day. There are, of course, many pleas of Guilty in the criminal courts, but normally this happens in cases where the evidence is such that defence is impracticable. It may be doubted whether lawyers whose professional skill is sought by those who face a criminal trial give much thought to the question whether a plea of Guilty, assuming that the facts justify such a plea, would be to the advantage of their clients because of the remedial and constructive treatments now available to all courts. Acquittals can act as stimulants to further criminal actions. This is particularly true in those cases in which the conduct complained of is not wholly within the power of the individual to cease. There are many forms of criminal activity which indicate a form of mental or psychological weakness not entirely under the control of the will. Statute law now provides for such cases and courts are becoming more and more willing to consider, when passing sentence, the possibilities of constructive medical treatments, especially when there has been a frank admission of the offence and a plea for such treatment. A vigorous defence in a case where guilt seems clear can antagonize a court, particularly if the defence involves attacks on the veracity and responsibility of witnesses for the prosecution. I have had to listen to many cases that suggested some psychological disorder, like many sexual crimes, in which the defence involved attacks upon

the psychological stability of the witnesses. Examples are charges of exhibitionism in which women witnesses were cross-examined with the object of showing that they had imagined their experiences and were deriving some abnormal satisfaction from the complaints that they had made to the police. In cases of sexual assaults upon children I have heard defences that tried to show that the offended children were themselves suffering from distorted imagination. It is true that there are such cases, but they are rare; more frequently defences on these lines make it more than ever difficult to apply constructive measures after conviction. It needs to be remembered that it is usually difficult for courts to be constructive in these cases, since offended complainants, or their parents if the complainants are children, seek the satisfaction of severe punishment on those found guilty.

The answer may be put forward that pleas of Guilty are dangerous in that there can never be any certainty that courts will refrain from punishment. That risk has to be taken and unfortunately the ever-increasing volume of crime can act as a deterrent to those on the bench who might otherwise wish to be constructive in their sentences. The defence of those accused of crime can never be an exact process. This risk has to be balanced against the other that a vigorous defence on the facts may increase the chances that the court will impose a severe sentence. Another factor that doubtless enters the mind of defending lawyers is the possibility that juries can be persuaded to accept arguments and defences that would not be likely to succeed before a trained bench. This is one of the drawbacks inherent in the system of trial by jury. But despite these considerations, it is my opinion that too seldom are pleas of guilty entered and that a large number of factual defences operate to the disadvantage of the accused. In saying this I am not thinking of those cases where obviously punishment must follow conviction. Those whose conduct has caused death, severe wounding, or serious loss of property are likely in the future, as in the past, if convicted, to receive severe sentences. But there are large numbers of offences in respect of which there is a growing tendency, despite the increase in crime, for courts to aim at the rehabilitation of the offender rather than at his punishment.

During my years in the London courts I sometimes felt strongly that some verdicts of Not Guilty that I was compelled to give were

in fact contrary to the true interests of the accused. So I developed a practice in certain cases of suggesting to the acquitted that before they left the court they should have a talk with the senior probation officer. I did this specially in some sexual cases. When deciding their cases magistrates and juries need to realize that it matters nothing whether they think that the accused did what is charged against him. Every issue and consideration must be ignored on such occasions except one: has the prosecution proved by evidence that satisfies the court without reasonable doubt that the accused is guilty? If this question cannot be answered in the affirmative, the accused is entitled to be discharged. In some cases where I felt convinced that defendants had so conducted themselves as to reveal abnormal tendencies which might result in further crimes I would invite this talk. The probation officer in the privacy of his room would encourage the acquitted men to speak about the charge. If he saw signs that such advice would be welcome, he would refer to our facilities for obtaining psychiatric treatment and in suitable cases offer to arrange for such treatment. All this was highly unorthodox, but in fact many of those whom I had acquitted accepted these offers and underwent treatment. In this way I believe that many future indignities to innocent people, especially women and children, were prevented. Thus we were able to give to some of those found Not Guilty the advantages that are now available to those found Guilty. But I could not resist the thought that it would have been easier for these defendants to persist in their treatment if they had pleaded Guilty, and I could have made a probation order with their consent which provided that they should attend their medical psychiatrist so long as was necessary.

In conclusion I would hazard the guess that in future to an increasing extent the labours of barristers and solicitors in criminal courts will be in the direction of what in another connection lawyers used to call confession and avoidance. There will be more pleas of Guilty with advocacy directed to obtain sentences for constructive treatment.

CLAUD MULLINS

TRUTH IN GENEALOGY

THE WORK OF GENEALOGICAL REFERENCE BOOKS

ACCORDING to Bacon's interpretation it was a jesting Pilate who would not stay for an answer to his own question, What is Truth? But Bacon wrote in a confident century, when great new possibilities, spiritual and material, were available to Europeans. Truth was then of paramount importance. We, by contrast, live with an ever-increasing material wealth, and an equally constant decrease in spiritual and ethical standards. Our age with its weariness and cynicism is much nearer in spirit and outlook to the period of the early Roman Empire. Truth, like virtue and honour, had lost for the Romans of Pilate's time the clear imperative of earlier days. A similar attitude is growing rapidly in modern western civilization. It is only through such a change that I feel able to explain the indifference towards the attainment of truth in genealogical matters which I find too frequently among those to whom I seek to explain our purposes in producing *Burke's Peerage* or *Burke's Landed Gentry*.

I am often asked how we produce our genealogical works, and what is the main purpose we have in mind. To the former question, it is easy to reply. The production of genealogical reference works does not differ in principle from the production of any other reference volumes. All reference books can be divided into two classes. There are those in which the subject-matter is clearly laid down by the nature of the subject. *The Law List*, the *Medical Register*, and *Crockford's Clerical Directory* are all examples of books in which a certain profession is dealt with and the names only of those who are members of that profession are included. It is precisely the same with *Burke's Peerage*. Only peers, baronets (and their families) and knights are included in *Burke's Peerage* or in any other book which deals exclusively with titled persons. In this respect the compilation of such a directory is simple. No one but the Sovereign can create titles, therefore the articles in *Burke's Peerage* are predetermined, just as no one can be included in a list of barristers unless he has been called to the Bar.

The second class of reference books covers more indeterminate

sections of the community, authors, musicians, actors, etc. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to produce a reference work which will include all persons coming within a category such as those indicated above. I write from experience here, as I have produced the *Author's and Writer's Who's Who*, *Who's Who in Music*, etc. To begin with it is not possible for an editor to know that he has the names of all authors. The addresses of many authors are unknown save to their publishers, and it is a very common (and excellent) rule among publishers not to divulge addresses of their authors. Many authors do not reply to questionnaire forms. Consequently an editor is left with the prospect in many cases of preparing what can only be described as skeleton entries, from such public information as he can glean about an author and his writings. Moreover other difficulties also exist. How is an author to be defined? Does the writer of one book qualify; does the writer of works of local interest, perhaps locally published, come into the editor's category? Many other questions arise, but the examples given are sufficient to indicate the impossibility of producing a completely comprehensive reference work where the subject-matter is not already given.

It is into this second class that the *Landed Gentry* comes. When the first edition of *Burke's Landed Gentry* was published in 1836-8, it was named *Burke's Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland*. This was an excellent title. It served to differentiate the untitled from the titled aristocracy, as Sir Bernard Burke was wont to describe the wealthier social classes of his day. The title was soon changed to *Landed Gentry*, an alteration which may well have been dictated as much by commercial considerations as by those of appropriateness. However, in the Victorian period the meaning of the term 'landed gentry' was fairly well understood. Society was composed of peers and baronets on one side, with their families, and on the other by the squirearchy and the lairds. It could hardly be contended that an Okeover of Okeover (to cite a family not long extinct) was inferior in lineage, coat armour, or gentility to a Grosvenor, a Percy, or a Cavendish. As for the Scots, the minor barons, as they are known in Scotland, would always repudiate fiercely the precedence ahead of themselves of any mere Lord of Parliament, unless he possessed other claims to superiority such as length of pedigree.

Still, once the Burkes had left the sphere of the titled, an air of indetermination entered into their work. If one is to compile a record of landed gentry, what is the landed qualification? I doubt very much whether anyone would have been admitted as essentially qualified for entry into an edition of *Landed Gentry* between 1836 and 1914 unless he had been the proprietor of not less than 2,000 acres. I have found cases in the nineteenth-century editions where I should say the entrant did not possess this qualification, but in these instances he had possibly an interesting pedigree or ancient armorial bearings. Then again mere possession of land would not necessarily entitle a man to entry. He might be the owner of landed property in a city, or he might have bought country property with a view to urban development.

Probably during the Victorian and Edwardian periods, the natural feelings of would-be entrants to the *Landed Gentry* would act as sufficient barrier to unsuitable persons. A man who had no real claim would have felt unhappy at the company he sought to keep. Then again, many scions of the aristocracy excluded themselves on the score that they possessed only a few hundred acres.

There was an edition of the *Landed Gentry* in 1914. The next issue was in 1921. The consequences of the First World War, political, social, and economic, at once showed the difficulty of operating under a title like *Landed Gentry*. Many families had parted with their property for reasons which were anything but unworthy. In many cases the heir had been killed in action for his country. In many others, the pressure of taxation had made it impossible to maintain an estate. Industrial and urban development threatened other properties and led the owners to sell. Consequently many unlanded gentry appeared, minus estates but still possessing armorial bearings and long pedigrees. The editor had clearly to make a compromise. For the first time the formula 'late of' or 'formerly of' (relating to erstwhile property) appeared in the *Landed Gentry*, in the 1921 edition. It need hardly be said that this tendency has not been reversed in the 1925, 1937, 1939, and 1952 editions. In the last mentioned there are some 4,500 families, and I should estimate that not less than one-third, possibly many more, of the entries are those of the unlanded. In addition to this, the entries which are described as landed are very rarely of large estates.

It is thus clear that the modern editors from 1921 onwards have

found themselves faced with a very serious dilemma. They can hardly alter the title *Landed Gentry*, yet it becomes more and more of a misnomer. Suggestions as to methods of dealing with the difficulty have hitherto failed. If entry is restricted to armigerous families, difficulties at once arise in cases of old families whose arms have never been recorded with one of the heraldic offices. For instance, under Scottish law, it is illegal to bear arms which are unmatriculated with Lyon office. But this lack of matriculation has applied, and still does, to many families of undoubtedly distinguished descent. The criterion of arms-bearing cannot therefore be applied. If we take pedigree as the guide, what about the large number of people whose ancestors were tenants or yeomen; or the merchant families which may never have owned country property?

Clearly the editor of the *Landed Gentry* has a hard task in picking his way through the many applications which reach him for entry into the book. Equally there are those whom he would like to include but who do not respond to his requests. The *Landed Gentry* can never be complete and omissions must be understood in that light.

I pass now to the much more interesting question, what is our aim in producing these large genealogical works? Have they any significance in this modern age of high-speed industrialization, threats of atomic warfare, and growing national aspirations? I can only give the facts, that there is far more interest among the general public in genealogy, heraldry, and titles than there was when I began my connection with Burke, twenty-five years ago. Many more letters and inquiries are received now than in pre-war days. They come from all over the world, and a noticeable difference from pre-war is the growth in interest among people in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. American interest continues to be prodigious. I believe that other organizations concerned with the same subjects—the College of Arms, Lyon office, the Society of Genealogists, the Scots Ancestry Research Council, *Debrett's* office—have had the same experience as we at Burke. Furthermore the editions which we have produced since the war—four editions of the *Peerage*, one *Landed Gentry of Great Britain*, and one of the *Landed Gentry of Ireland*—have all been larger than their pre-war predecessors and have been, I think, well received.

The basic problem of the Burke genealogical publications is the

pedigrees contained in the volumes. The *Peerage* and the *Landed Gentry* are genealogical publications or they have no *raison d'être*. There are several excellent works which give particulars of titled persons, but these are purely biographical, and death removes the entry or greatly abbreviates it. The fact is that the only works which give genealogies of the British peerage and landed gentry are the Burke volumes.

Pedigree then becomes all-important, and I submit that the truth of a pedigree is at least as important as the truth of anything else. In genealogy, geology, or geophysics are we content with less than truth? This has been my aim since I became responsible for the editing and production of Burke. The war, despite the cruel losses which it inflicted on publishers, gave a few advantages in compensation. Among these was the necessity of resetting our genealogical works. The 1949 *Peerage* was entirely reset, also the 1952 *Gentry of Great Britain* and the 1958 *Gentry of Ireland*. Resetting of the printer's type allows of course the most marvellous opportunity for making alterations. I was therefore able to edit the pedigrees in Burke with as much change as was needed.

First with the *Peerage*. It had been the target of attack by writers like Freeman (of the *Norman Conquest*), Horace Round, and Oswald Barron. Round, who was a valetudinarian, and rather a misanthrope, also attacked Freeman. Venom is much employed among genealogists, who often seem unable to distinguish between a man's character and his intellectual views. There were, it would be foolish to deny, some curious opening statements in the pedigrees in *Burke's Peerage* right up to 1939. Examples are the Grosvenor myth, the Kingsale Hat, and the descent of the de Traffords from the time of Canute. Far more important were odd little entries which gave an air of false grandeur to a family. The Ashburnhams were "of stupendous antiquity"; another family was blandly described as of Norman descent but no details of pedigree were given until the reign of Charles II.

Further damage was done by the presence of these unfortunate statements. The myth or legend made the family concerned often indifferent to several generations of pedigree. In the process of removing the rubbish, the true foundation of the family history was brought to light. The result has been that most pedigrees which have lost a myth or legend, so far from being diminished, have

been enlarged. There is a considerable increase in the average length of pedigrees in *Burke's Peerage*. Not only have many family trees been taken back some further generations but the concomitant result has been a widening of the accounts. Branches of the family which were previously unknown in our pages have been brought in.

These two operations, extension of pedigrees and removal of untrue statements, have not been accomplished without difficulty. As regards the destructive criticism of legends, this provoked a short, sharp burst of anger from the comparatively few families concerned. One peer stated that I was attacking the traditions of England. I replied that I did not think much good could come of traditions which were thought to be false. Apparently I convinced him because thereafter he sent me a Christmas card, with an understanding message!

Very soon after the publication of the 1949 *Peerage* in which the principles of criticism had been applied, the idea was understood in genealogical circles that a pedigree could not get into Burke unless it were thought to be correct. This was reinforced by the publication of the 1952 *Landed Gentry*.

Much more serious opposition is always experienced over the inclusion of cousins, or branches hitherto unknown. Here we come against the forces of family dislike and of snobbery. Some people in a family simply do not like other members. They want to exclude them from the record. In many instances, snobbish considerations operate. Strange as it may seem in 1960 people still 'marry beneath them.' They and their offspring must then be ostracized. Other people simply do not want a large family history, with their cousins shown to the *n*th degree. One peer told me that he had seventy cousins, and had no intention that any should appear in Burke. Half that number are now shown in his article.

We cannot of course rely wholly on information derived from questionnaires and letters to obtain details for our volumes. We have to do a great deal of research in order to complete many of the entries.

One of the results of our work since the war has been the application of what may be called the Gresham's law of genealogy, fortunately in reverse. Good genealogy drives out bad, and after the first shock, most people have realized that to have their

pedigree approved for Burke is a sign that it has passed a hard though objective examination.

It must of course be understood that Burke is not an official publication. It is produced and published within the usual framework of a commercial publishing house. It is difficult to see how it could be produced as an official publication: the *Almanach de Gotha* which ran for nearly 200 years was not, nor have any of the British works on peerage been official.

At the same time it ought not to be necessary to say that neither Burke nor its staff is infallible. All human beings can make mistakes, a salutary thought for all concerned. All that can be done is to attempt to approximate ever more and more to the truth. If truth is the guide, then there is hope, but if other considerations such as family pride intervene, genealogy slips back into the sorry mess of 100 years ago. Anyone who reads Lord Macaulay's works can see how genealogy appeared to a keen and critical mind. While Macaulay was rightly critical of such matters as Livy's account of the early history of Rome, he merely repeated legends like that of the Norse Origin of the house of Hastings. Family history was beneath the notice of a serious historian. Contrast this with the use of genealogical sources by such outstanding modern historians as Sir Frank Stenton, Sir Lewis Namier, and Professor David Douglas. Genealogy becomes important when it illustrates national history. In its turn it is impossible to study genealogy aright without understanding national history. The Saxon origin of the Fitzwilliams goes far to explain the limited control of the Normans in Yorkshire. If the supposed Saxon origin of the de Traffords or the Wakes could be shown to be probable, a great deal more would be known of the Norman treatment of the vanquished.

In order to set out the principles on which modern genealogical research is conducted, an apparatus criticus or series of introductory articles has been given in many post-war Burke volumes. The *Landed Gentry* of 1952 contained 178 introductory pages. These included articles on English, Scottish, Welsh, and Irish pedigrees, and the principles on which they are constructed, also articles on the College of Arms and other genealogical sources.

The same method was followed in publishing the *Landed Gentry of Ireland* in 1958. It should be mentioned that this first appeared as a separate work in 1899; then came editions in 1904 and 1912.

It w
ever
volum
tains
large
opini
recogn
gies,
Gent
To
was
Pedig
going
turie
But i
by n
far b
gene
doub
A.D.
but f
ing t
Cu
Celti
Ulste
to g
Engl
In
are c
8,000
with
work

It was thought, for obvious reasons, that no other edition would ever appear. However, the miracle has been accomplished and a volume slightly larger than that of 1912 has been published. It contains fewer pedigrees than in 1912, but they are obviously much larger. It was produced with the support of every section of Irish opinion, both in the Republic and in Ulster. A series of articles by recognized authorities dealt with such subjects as 'Irish Genealogies,' 'Irish Surnames,' 'The Changing Picture of the Irish Landed Gentry,' etc.

To me as editor, the most interesting feature of the Irish book was in dealing with the famous Milesian pedigrees. O'Hart's *Irish Pedigrees* can provide any curious reader with Hibernian pedigrees going back to Noah, or at least to Milesius, of Spain, many centuries B.C. It was the fashion to laugh at these and dismiss them. But if fiction ended at all, where did it end? The position adopted by modern scholars is that the Irish genealogies are reliable as far back as the century (fifth) of St Patrick, and possibly a few generations earlier. There seems no reason why anyone should doubt the historicity of Niall of the Nine Hostages, who died about A.D. 405. These early genealogies are in the main strings of names, but for that reason are less suspect than many statements purporting to be factual in much later genealogies.

Curiously enough, little opposition was encountered over the Celtic genealogies. Rather it was with families of Cromwellian or Ulster Plantation descent that trouble occurred. They often wished to give a connection with another family of the same name in England, which could not always be proved.

In the above I have tried to set out the ways in which our works are compiled, and the principles by which we act. There are nearly 8,000 pedigrees in our three genealogical volumes. I hope that with a sketch such as this before him, a critic of any part of the works may feel need for some restraint.

L. G. PINE

WORKING WITH THE RUSSIANS

IN April 1931, as a young university lecturer in Economics without attachments, I first crossed the Soviet frontier as a tourist. My aim was to find work, to which to return in the autumn. I wanted to see what life in Russia was really like.

A Cambridge degree in Economics was not quite the best qualification for finding a job in a country whose Five Year Plan was still non-existent in Cambridge Economics. Still, I thought I had a hope in journalism, and presented myself to that masterful woman, Anna Louise Strong, the American editor of *Moscow News*. Finding I had as yet no journalistic experience she at once passed me on to Mrs Borodin, director of the Technicum of Foreign Languages, whose English department was run by returned Russians from the U.S.A., non-Russian Americans, and a number of former English governesses who had not evacuated Russia after the Revolution and were putting up a noble struggle for the purity of the English language as then being taught.

I had no idea that from that time onwards, except for the war and the immediate post-war years, I should be working with Russians in one capacity or another for the greater part of my life.

Having taught English for a year, at the Technicum, at the Institute of Modern Languages, and with private pupils to fill in the gaps, I was able to save enough roubles to make a three-month holiday tour. At the end of the autumn term, 1932, I decided to come home. But I had not been in England six months before I was invited back to Moscow by an American friend, Hermann Habicht, to act as his assistant in running the American 'Open Road' travel agency's Moscow office. The aim of this office was to provide 'personal service' and to be a sort of buffer between the tourists and Intourist.

Though only working with tourists for a few summer months, nothing could have more effectively evoked my lasting sympathy for the professional guide or interpreter. 'Mr Sloan, I saw a militiaman take a little book like a note-book from his pocket to-day. Can you tell me what would be in that book?' This question was actually asked. Unfortunately, some guides can never admit they

do not know. This is one of the main causes for misinformation. And if an interpreter or guide takes the bull by the horns and administers a well-deserved, 'Don't ask silly questions,' he or she is liable to be reported as uncivil. Whatever the faults of the staff of Intourist, then or now, there are beams as well as motes.

Before the Open Road job was finished I was unexpectedly asked to take over the editorship of English broadcasts for Moscow Radio, apparently on the strength of lectures I had given in London in the preceding months. The suggestion was accepted with alacrity, and the job lasted three years.

In the succeeding period I returned to this country, writing and lecturing, revisited Russia in 1937, and after the war worked for a short time with *Soviet Weekly* in London, then at another journalistic job, and then as General Secretary of the British Soviet Friendship Society since 1951, which has entailed much entertaining of Soviet visitors to this country as well as taking me to the U.S.S.R. in 1952, 1956, and 1958.

But let us return to 1931, to the Technicum of Foreign Languages.

Among the English teachers in those days was Miss Eva Sanders, who had worked as a governess in Poland when Poland was part of the Russian Empire. She had then worked as cashier for an English-owned egg-packing firm, and was in this job at the time of the Revolution. I will always remember her telling me how the seasonal workers used to be housed in sheds made of former egg-boxes, sexes unsegregated, sleeping on straw on the floor, and also how, after the Revolution, she would deposit the key of the safe with the secretary of the workers' committee, as she felt confident that he would not flee abroad with the contents.

To-day, at the ripe age of eighty-five, Eva Sanders occupies a small room in a large Moscow flat shared by several families. I have visited her when in Moscow, and we correspond. She has her pension, is intellectually very much alive, and still does various useful jobs, teaching and editing.

Our daytime students were on state scholarships, and many of them lived in the hostel where I was first billeted. They came from worker and peasant families, and most of them aimed to become teachers. The evening students were older, mainly office employees, with an occasional doctor or other professional worker. They were seeking to master English not only for utilitarian reasons but some

of them so that they could read Shakespeare, Dickens, and Bernard Shaw in the original. Possibly, at a more advanced stage, they hoped to tackle Burns. It was not considered harmful that I, with a most primitive knowledge of Russian, should take second-year students for two hours a week. It was felt that they should, from the start, listen to English as it is spoken.

To-day the Russians are no longer importing teachers of English, and, according to a recent letter in *The Times* from Sir Edward Appleton, Sir John Cockcroft, and others, they are already in a better position to export first-rate teachers of English than we are ourselves.

They are also doing an enormous amount of translation into English. Not only are a number of Russian magazines, such as *Soviet Union*, *Soviet Woman*, and *New Times*, all now printed in English, as well as in half a dozen other foreign languages in addition to Russian, but the Foreign Languages Publishing House issues a stream of well-produced volumes in many languages including English: Russian classics, Soviet novels, children's books, and scientific works. The general standard of these productions is far and away ahead of anything any other country is producing in foreign languages, though, still, there are vestiges of that American influence which was so prominent in the thirties. It is regrettable, but true, that even English translators working in Moscow tend, after a number of years, to become influenced by this, though not enough to damage seriously the general quality of the translations.

Moscow is so overcrowded that any newcomer has not only the job of finding work, which is easy, but of finding a place to live, which is difficult. On engaging me, Mrs Borodin had undertaken to find me somewhere to live and then, with characteristic procrastination, had done nothing till I actually arrived. I was then put into a student hostel, having a bed to myself in a room for six, in which the overcrowding was so great that one of the beds was shared by two brothers.

In general, I got on with them well. But we almost came to blows when one of the occupants developed 'flu, and public opinion was adamant against my proposal that a window be kept open at night. This window business is a story in itself, of which more later.

After the row about the window I began to be obsessed with a desire for a room of my own. Finally I achieved it. At least I now

had my own window, even if my landlady felt I was a cause of draughts.

My landlady was a cashier in a hairdressing establishment. Her ancient mother, a typical Russian 'babushka' or grandmother, with shawl over her head day and night, helped to keep house, and the third member of the family was the daughter Alla. They had the disposal of two rooms and the use of the kitchen. Another elderly single man had a third room in the flat. I was allowed the exclusive use of the smaller of their two rooms, in exchange for a cash payment and English lessons for the daughter. Alla is now an interpreter on the staff of the Soviet Foreign Office and some time ago was working in London for several months, lodging with an English family.

One of the traditional characteristics of the Russians is to put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. It still persists, though less so than in the 1930s. The Spanish word for to-morrow, *mañana*, and the Russian *zavtra* are identical in meaning. The Russians also have *ceychass* (presently), and *nichevo* (it doesn't matter), the latter being used when *ceychass* and *zavtra* have expired.

When working on Moscow Radio I was once able, in the nick of time, to prevent the following letter from being despatched to a British listener—I quote from memory:

Dear Listener,

Many thanks for your letter. In answer to your request I regret that we have no photos of Lenin, but I am sending you a postcard of his funeral.

Yours, etc.

The good citizeness who had drafted this letter could not see anything wrong with it. And more than twenty years later in London, when a special private showing of a ballet film featuring Ulanova had been arranged and all seats filled, the very strongest representations were made from the Soviet side at the last moment to change the film. 'We need the Ulanova film that night for something more important. Can't you show . . .', and there followed a list of films, each of which was further from ballet than the one before. We dug our heels in and we had our film. But we had been expected to shrug our shoulders and simply say *nichevo*. It is common for Bolshoi Theatre audiences, for example, to find the

programme suddenly changed on the night, because of illness, which we would accept as permissible, or because some visiting V.I.P. has made a special request. This is also accepted in the U.S.S.R. as permissible. '*Nichevo*, we'll see the other one another time.'

But such habits do not go down with the British. And as the choice before consumers expands in the U.S.S.R. it is not likely that in the future they will accept such arbitrariness as they have done in the past.

Before feeling too smug about Russian casualness in such matters it should be noted that it is common to most peasant peoples, fatalistically dependent on the sun and the seasons rather than on organization and the clock. Many English jokes about the Irish are based on similar differences, and anyone who knows the Western Highlands will have often enough heard the British equivalent of *zavtra*, *ceychass*, and *nichevo*.

Whatever may have been the material difficulties and shortages in the Russia of the thirties, and they were many, there were three features bound to impress any visitor from the West. The widespread interest in education and culture was manifest everywhere; even in public places and on public transport people were to be observed reading—serious literature. There was the phenomenal number who were studying, whether to raise their professional qualifications, or for the sheer pursuit of knowledge. Then there was the absence of unemployment and the fact that jobs were literally crying out for workers, in contrast with the West at that time. And, arising from this, together with the prospects held out by the Five Year Plan, an overwhelming confidence in the future which, despite the ravages of the last war, has since been amply justified by results.

Much annoyance is created, in international contacts in general, by trivialities due to differences in national customs and traditions. Who, for example, has not read of the exasperation of British visitors to Russia who have failed to find a plug in their hotel wash-basin? But it was only in recent years, when large numbers of Russians have stayed in British hotels, that the complaint has been repeatedly heard here that there is no shower in the bathroom. To most Russians, to have a bath without a shower to follow is quite as unpleasant as it is to an Englishman to have to wash in running water.

While on the subject of hotels, let us return to the question of windows and fresh air. Throughout the whole of central and northern Russia it is so cold in winter that all buildings have double windows which are sealed shut with adhesive paper during the winter. At the top of such windows there is a small *fortochka* about six by twelve inches, which can be opened for a few minutes daily to let in a blast of piercingly cold air. Housewives dangle their perishable supplies on strings between the two panes of glass. It makes a wonderful 'frig.'

To the British visitor, as a result, the interior of Russian buildings in winter is unbearably hot and stuffy. But when the Urals Ensemble were touring English theatres in November 1957 their leader, Mr Christiansen, said to me one day in a hotel in Yorkshire: 'Why, Mr Sloan, is it that in your hotels the corridors and lounges are so warm, while our bedrooms are all refrigerators?'

Another contrast in customs, no doubt with its roots in the widespread illiteracy of Russia prior to 1917, lies in our method of calculating. British visitors are often shocked in Russian shops to see a cashier calculating a bill on an abacus, that oblong device of balls on wires which we only use in miniature, for the decorating of babies' play-pens. But observe the operation closely, and it will be seen that it takes a Russian shop assistant with an abacus no longer to add up a bill than it takes a British shop assistant to write down the sum. The abacus, for rapid calculation, is an oriental adding machine which technically is a step forward on the use of pencil and paper.

In this country we also have a long tradition of business correspondence. Letters are acknowledged, even if no detailed answer is possible. In Russia there is no such tradition. The Russian way is not to answer at all till there is some positive answer to give. To businessmen who find this distressing, my advice is to persevere, as some day, when their particular product becomes a priority in the Plan, they will probably get a telegram demanding immediate and large-scale action.

We also have our differences as regards eating habits. One of my own *bêtes noires* in Russia, if one can call a vegetable soup a *bête*, was *shchi*, or sour cabbage soup. How natural it was that a horrified British visitor had written of the 'poor Russians having to eat cabbage soup day after day.' Yet, dining in canteens and restaur-

ants on and off for a period of five years in Moscow, I noted that Russians would daily order *shchi* while I equally persistently went for the alternative.

In recent years, staying with Russian guests in many British hotels, I have heard harsh comments on the standardized English breakfast with its 'cornfleks, egg, bekon, and sausage.' This, to Russian guests, symbolizes *our* lack of imagination.

Another serious shortage from which we suffer, not only in Russian but in Greek and French eyes as well, is bread. If you wish to make a Russian guest happy, at any meal, be sure there are vast piles of thickly cut bread available.

Since the war, and particularly since 1951, the number of visits in both directions has increased enormously. First, there were just delegations. Then came large companies of artistic performers. And now the tourist traffic is growing both ways.

The first professional company to visit this country after the war was the Beryozka Dance Company, consisting entirely of women except for a few musicians and a manager. The artistic leadership was in the hands of a genius of a woman, Nadezhda Nadezhkina, who at rehearsals was a perfect sergeant-major, and in the hotel dining-room could tell at a glance which of the forty girls under her charge was off her food. Off duty, she was full of charm and friendliness. At home she keeps Pekingese.

Among 'off duty' excursions during their stay in London, the Beryozka paid a Sunday visit to Canterbury, where they not only saw the glories of English Gothic but were entertained to tea in the Deanery garden. Further trips to Canterbury, for subsequent Soviet visitors, have proved equally successful, while in the lighter sphere London's Festival Gardens and Madame Tussauds have proved a perennial attraction.

Visiting Russians, who appear before the British public simply as performers, have their own private lives and interests like everybody else. Yuri Zhdanov, for example, Ulanova's partner in 'Romeo and Juliet,' is an amateur painter of no mean ability. He returned to Moscow with a dozen excellent oil sketches of London, and on one occasion went with me as far afield as Westerham in Kent where he painted the church. His wife is a chemist.

Alexander Lapauri, another of the Bolshoi's leading male

dancers, first toured Britain with his wife, Raissa Struchkova, with a mixed group of artists a couple of years before they both returned in full glory with the Bolshoi to Covent Garden. Torn between dancing and engineering for a career, Lapauri finally chose dancing. His engineering interests are now sublimated in cars, tape-recorders, and gramophones. While his wife likes the former, she says the latter clutter up their not large flat. Preparing for the days when he will no longer dance, Lapauri has already trained as a choreographer and produced his first short ballet. Raissa Struchkova, who is second only to Ulanova in the role of Juliet, was prepared, on her first visit with her husband, to dance under incredibly difficult conditions in assorted English municipal halls. 'We are ready to dance on top of a bus, if necessary,' they said on arrival when warned of the snags of their forthcoming tour.

In informing the Soviet people about Britain, perhaps the greatest role so far has been played by the brilliant puppet master, Sergei Obraztsov. Having twice visited this country, once as an individual performer and secondly with his whole theatre, Obraztsov has had a public exhibition in Moscow of his British photographs, has written a book about Britain, scripted a documentary film, and given many lectures. One of his unpublished reflections deserves to be given wider currency (he has only refrained from putting it in print, I am sure, from politeness). Having visited the Houses of Parliament one afternoon, he commented: 'I think your country is symbolized by your electric fires made to look like coal ones. You even disguise new things to look like old.'

In our personal contacts with Russians we must never forget the magnitude of their losses in the last war. It is never tactful to put questions about relatives unless we are given a lead. So many of them lost their lives in that struggle that a tactless question can unwittingly reopen a deep wound. When information is volunteered we find how many of these seemingly cheerful people suffered terrible personal tragedies not so long ago.

An old bugbear of tourists to the U.S.S.R. used to be that they were not free to photograph where they liked. And, in addition, films had to be developed before leaving the country, leading to many casualties through careless handling. Such regulations were a direct inheritance from Tsarist Russia, now withdrawn. But there

are still occasional busybodies who on their own initiative may protest if they feel that a foreigner is taking what they consider an unflattering picture of their way of life. But the law is not on their side.

Another inheritance from Tsarist Russia, still in force, is the restriction on the movements of foreign embassy officials. In his *Russia Then and Now* the late Brigadier-General W. W. Waters told an entertaining story of how, when on the staff of the British Embassy in St Petersburg, he obtained permission to visit Central Asia, a privilege then without precedent.

Carrying his permit from the capital, the brigadier got as far as Baku, whence he was due to cross the Caspian. But the local governor had received no news of his coming and therefore refused to accept his documents without direct confirmation from St Petersburg. Characteristically of the old Russia there was a way out of the difficulty. The brigadier so charmed the governor's lady that she ordered her husband to let him proceed on his journey. Faced with the choice of incurring the certain wrath of his wife or risking the possible wrath of St Petersburg, the governor let the brigadier proceed.

We are a little too inclined to forget that while Russia has never invaded us, we did invade Russia during the Crimean War, and again in the armed intervention of 1918 to 1920. This has not been forgotten, and for years after the Revolution the business of securing a Russian visa demanded the filling in of forms in quadruplicate and the provision of four photographs. There was little of one's life that had not to go on to these forms. To-day this has changed. It is easier to get a visa for the U.S.S.R. than for the U.S.A.

A difference between our countries of fundamental importance is the 'collectivism' of the Russians as compared with the 'individualism' of ourselves. In the field of social organization the Soviet 'collective' has no equivalent in this country. The factory, office, or other place of work is a publicly-owned institution inspired by a sense of common interest. If large enough, it has its own nursery schools and kindergartens, clinic, club, including cinema and theatre, sports facilities, higher education courses, housing estate, an interest in one or more local schools, and a network of holiday homes. On questions of national policy nation-wide discussions take place, as occurred recently on the Seven Year Plan, educational

reform
in a n
usual
cation

As
cloth
the M
have
affect
sense

Th
spirit
rapid
posit
speak
hum
the p
Gron

Si
atten
cour
long
decis
prin
For
cable
at w
tests
mat

In
atten
exerc
But
gati
app
E
read
abr
the

reform, the reform of the legal system, and as is now taking place in a nationwide debate on the new labour law. Such discussions are usually only known in this country to those who read Soviet publications.

As a result, whatever visitors may think of Russian housing or clothing, which are inferior to ours, or to Moscow University or the Moscow Metro or the standard of public cleanliness, which have won world-wide recognition, all travellers are to some extent affected by what James Hannay has called the Russian 'we,' the sense of collective ownership of their country.

This Russian 'we' has doubtless contributed greatly to the public-spiritedness of the people, and is one of the main reasons for the rapidity of their progress. But it can also lead to smugness, pomposity, and conceit in the mouth of officials who self-consciously speak as if they were the Soviet State Incarnate. Fortunately the humanizing influences of recent years are penetrating all ranks of the population, and, as Mr Khrushchev once remarked, even Mr Gromyko can smile when there is something to smile about.

Sir David Kelly, in an annual report of the British Council, drew attention to difficulties in arranging exchanges of visits between this country and Russia. He said that, 'the Soviet authorities take a long time deciding in principle about a proposed visit, and having decided, act suddenly at short notice. Our own agree quickly in principle about a visit to Russia, but take a long time in organizing.' For years the Russians in various organizations persisted in sending cabled invitations to individuals and organizations in this country at what amounted to a moment's notice. Fortunately, constant protests have gradually convinced them that they must try in such matters to adjust themselves to our time scale.

In the U.S.S.R., if a decision is once made that A, B, and C shall attend a conference or go on a delegation, they are automatically exempted from other obligations while the assignment is fulfilled. But here, as we too well know, the claims of conferences and delegations must be very seriously weighed against long lists of existing appointments.

Experience of the past few years has shown a marked positive reaction by Soviet organizations to criticism and suggestions from abroad. In my own experience the most striking example has been the relaxation in the official rate of exchange.

Ever since the war the rouble has been exchanged at roughly 11 to the £ sterling, a rate which may be satisfactory to Soviet trading organizations and embassies, but which has led to the most fantastic estimates of Soviet internal prices and an equally fantastic picture of average earnings.

In 1956 I was in Moscow to discuss numerous questions on the improvement of personal contacts between our countries, and had been specially asked to take up with Intourist this question. Up to then every proposal or query had been answered by a categorical 'Nyet.' No change was possible.

During our talk, an Intourist official let drop that when Soviet tourists go abroad they receive a certain amount of spending money for the countries visited, paid for in the all-in price of their tour. This provided an opening and I suggested that Intourist should allocate a similar cash allowance for incoming tourists, covered by the all-in price of their tour. This would avoid their having to buy roubles at the extortionate rate of 11 to the £.

Within six months this suggestion was put into operation and I got a letter informing me so. Moreover, the ice having now been broken, it took less than another year before a tourist rate of exchange of 27 roubles to the £ was introduced, thus correcting what had been a most misleading position.

From this and many other personal experiences I would conclude that there is no sensible suggestion which, if made often enough, will not be adopted by the Russians so long as it does not basically undermine their socialist organization. When, however, certain businessmen try to get the reintroduction of a system of foreign commercial travellers touring the U.S.S.R., instead of dealing through the existing apparatus of State-run foreign trade, their suggestions will continue to fall on stony ground. You can advertise in Soviet technical journals, you can take part in industrial exhibitions such as the British Exhibition in Moscow next year, you can do deals direct with the Soviet Trade Delegation in London or the various export-import agencies in Moscow. But the capitalist method of sale by commercial traveller is not likely to be restored.

The Russians, in turn, find some of our methods difficult to understand. Last spring a certain Scottish librarian, whose hobby is ichthyology (the serious study, as distinct from the mere catching and eating, of fish), read in a book about the omul, a type of

Siber
ichth
Scot
stre
Th
the I
in th
Bu
sulte
befo
has
they
in A
to an
W
prev
It
in M
relat
Sver
Sver
seve
I wa
T
quit
Peac
and
offic

Siberian salmon native only to Lake Baikal but which Soviet ichthyologists are trying to acclimatize to a number of rivers. The Scot tried to secure ova of the omul to release them in a private stretch of water in Scotland.

The Russians were co-operative. They despatched the ova via the London Zoo, and to this day the fry that hatched are to be seen in the Zoo's Aquarium.

But the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries had not been consulted in advance. The press gave news of the arrival of the ova before their 'visa' had been granted. And up to now the Ministry has not allowed the young omul to enter Scottish waters in case they should follow the example of the grey squirrel, or of rabbits in Australia, and become a menace. So the baby omul are doomed to an Ellis Island regime at the Zoo.

Which makes the Russians wonder how they could have been prevailed upon to go to such trouble to no purpose.

It is not long since a U.S.S.R.-Great Britain Society was formed in Moscow in order to smooth the further development of friendly relations at all levels. It has branches in Leningrad, Stalingrad, and Sverdlovsk so far, and I hear from an English Club at a school in Sverdlovsk that they have already established pen-friendships with seventy-seven school children in Birmingham as a result of addresses I was able to send them through the new Society.

The extension of friendly contacts in the past two years has been quite unprecedented. The U.S.A. is now in it as deeply as we are. Peace and understanding can be strengthened by such contacts, and the more the unofficial ties can be strengthened as well as official ones, the better it will be for both sides.

PAT SLOAN

THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL

Ah, les Allemands! Bon soldats.

MARSHAL FOCH.

Two generations of Englishmen have taken the field against the Germans, and the survivors would be the first to admit that in the *feldgrau* armies of the Kaiser and the Third Reich they confronted foemen worthy of their steel.

With Western Germany's twelve divisions taking shape to fall into place as a component of N.A.T.O., it would not be inappropriate to assay the quality of the German fighting-man, not as an adversary but as an ally. In this particular no one has had greater experience of the Teuton as a brother-in-arms than the British redcoat; and this despite the fact that from the days of Charles VII to the eve of the Revolution nearly a third of the French Army was made up of German auxiliaries.

English men-at-arms first made acquaintance with the fighting quality of the German in A.D. 1513. For in Henry VIII's campaign against Louis XII of France, out of a force totalling 15,000 some 8,000 Swabian *Landsknechts* marched 'all of a plump'—i.e. in close order—in the place of honour immediately ahead of the English Sovereign. That Bluff King Hal's trust in their reliability had not been misplaced was speedily demonstrated by their skilled activities at the siege of Théroouenne and the Battle of the Spurs.

The next occasion on which the German fighting-man was called upon to lend the British redcoat a hand was when William of Orange reinforced the handful of British troops operating in Scotland against the Jacobites with a contingent of Dutch regulars. Their ranks included a sprinkling of Hessians; and although they bore themselves well enough in action, the wild, unfamiliar mountain territory was so grim and intimidating that 'they declared that beyond the gorge of Killiecrankie lay the end of the world,'¹ and exhibited extreme reluctance to proceed any further. In the circumstances experience recommended their speedy return to less dispiriting surroundings. But once arrived in a more familiar environment their morale was rapidly restored.

Throughout the War of the Spanish Succession British and Ger-

¹ *A Familiar History of the British Army*, J. H. Stocqueler.

man soldiers shared the dangers and privations of many a year's campaigning. Prussia and Austria, of course, were self-regulated members of the Grand Alliance against Louis XIV; but the contingents sent to join the field army by the Elector Palatin, the Duke of Württemberg, the Elector of Mayence, and the Margrave of Bayreuth came under the direct command of the Duke of Marlborough.

Although there was the usual trouble over the tendency of their rulers to pocket the subsidies intended for the troops' payment, the men themselves soon earned the respect of the redcoats who fought alongside them, and the warm commendation of the Duke himself.

At the desperate attack on the strongly palisaded village of Blenheim the Hessians particularly distinguished themselves. With the British assault brigade thrown back with the loss of a third of its numbers, a charge by three squadrons of Gendarmerie threw the survivors into even greater confusion. In the general *mêlée* the 21st Foot lost their Colours; and only the firm stand of the German corps enabled the redcoats to re-form their disordered ranks. Drawn up once more in battle array, the 21st gratefully took back their Colour from the alien hands that had retrieved it for them.

By 1712 Harley's design to bring about Marlborough's downfall and engineer a premature peace came to a head with the Duke's removal from all his public offices. Replaced by the invertebrate Ormonde, when the humiliating instructions arrived for the withdrawal of the British regiments serving with the combined force under Prince Eugene, a situation arose of considerable delicacy.

The auxiliary troops in the pay of England flatly refused to obey the order to leave Eugene, and Ormonde was compelled to march away with the British troops only. Even so the feelings of anger ran so high that a dangerous riot was only with difficulty averted. The British and auxiliaries were not permitted to speak to each other, lest recriminations should lead either to a refusal of the British to quit their old comrades, or to a free fight on both sides.

But there were no recriminations.

The British fell in silent, shamefaced, and miserable; the auxiliaries gathered in knots opposite to them, and both parties gazed at each other mournfully without saying a word. Then the drum beat and regiment after regiment tramped away with full hearts and downcast eyes:¹

¹ *A History of the British Army*, Vol. I, Hon. Sir John Fortescue.

but with the consoling memory of a comradeship in arms that all who had shared it could look back upon with real warmth and genuine pride.

With the accession of George I Hanover became an appanage of the British Crown—although the first two Brunswick-Lunenbergs clearly thought of it the other way round! In a military sense, however, the troops raised in the Electorate were soon regarded as forming an integral part of the Crown forces.

The Jacobite uprisings of 1715 and 1718 found the country's military establishment, as always, far below the strength required to deal summarily with a sudden emergency. Hanover troops, however, bore no direct part in the rebellions' suppression; but the very fact of their existence as a potential reserve was not without its influence on the course of events.

The eighteen years of comparative peace between 1720 and 1738 were notable for the ferocious parsimony to which the military establishment was consistently subjected. At the same time the passion for gaudy but impractical uniforms evinced by Frederick William I of Prussia cast its sinister influence over George II; a veteran of the war against the Turks, who had also fought under Marlborough at Oudenarde. In the outcome, tunics became so close-fitting as virtually to be skin-tight; sensible long stockings were replaced by constricting white spatterdashes up to the thigh; the hair was crimped, smeared with tallow, and powdered—the Army's annual consumption of flour for this purpose being in excess of 6,500 tons—while a cumbersome pigtail called for a comrade's expert assistance before it could be plaited in accordance with official regulations. All this fantastification of military millinery gravely offset the Prussian-inspired attention to close-order drill and fire-control which was introduced into the British training methods with lasting benefit.

In 1742 the preposterous "War of Jenkin's Ear" merged into the far more momentous War of the Austrian Succession. With the balance of power in Western Europe as dangerously under threat as the security of the Netherlands and Hanover, British anxiety for the security of the island realm ensured active support for the Empress Maria Theresa. A mixed force of British and Electoral troops took the field, headed by their Sovereign; who rather tact-

lessly exhibited a marked preference for appearing in Hanoverian uniform. He was also accompanied by a staff which, in the opinion of Lord Stair and certain other British officers, was heavily overweighted with consequential Hanoverian generals, whose domination of the frequent war councils was of little benefit to the strategic plans evolved.

The outcome was the 'mousetrap of Dettingen,' where the Anglo-German forces marched into action with the rearguard made up of Hanoverians. Since it was from the rear that a Gallic assault was most looked for and most to be dreaded, the Electoral troops could plume themselves on the fact that theirs was the post of honour.

With the French and the Allied armies drawn up in battle array, the Germans and Austrians on the right were spared the brunt of the attack, which was concentrated against the redcoats on the left. But what they were called upon to do they carried out faithfully and well. Nor is it to be forgotten that the Britishers' crashing volley fire, which tore the Gallic assault to shreds, owed its effectiveness to a perfection of fire-control that was German in its origin.

At Fontenoy the main advance against the French had to breast a bare, gentle slope 800 yards in depth to reach the enemy positions in the fortified village and the double line of entrenchments that crowned the hill. The post of honour was occupied by the British Brigade of Guards, and on their left strode those Hanoverian battalions which were to bear the brunt of the enfilading fire from the Gallic right wing.

To march steadily forward under a torrent of musketry and round shot from front and flank calls for remarkably cool nerve. Yet so admirable was the Hanoverians' discipline that, finding themselves cramped for space, they quietly and decorously dropped back to re-form and pace on in third rank behind the British.

The French, driven from the crest and down the reverse side of the ridge so that the King's own tent was overrun, were saved from total defeat by the timely intervention of Lally's Irish brigade in the French service. By this time casualties had been so heavy that there were simply not enough allied troops to hold the ground they had won. An orderly retreat began down the slope that had been scaled at such punishing cost. One Hanoverian and three Guards battalions formed an impenetrable rearguard, which faced

about in succession every 100 yards as steadily and proudly as they had earlier advanced.

For the French Fontenoy was a phocensian victory; but it was the British and the equally unflinching Hanoverian Infantry that bore away the honours of the field.

Every August 1 six British line regiments parade ceremonially to commemorate the prowess of their forerunners on the windy heath of Minden. Under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and with the roses they had plucked during their approach-march nodding gaily in their tricorne hats, these sturdy men of 1759 strode forward through the cross-fire of sixty guns to confront and shatter three charges by seventy-three squadrons and a mass attack by four Infantry brigades. But if the redcoats held the post of honour on the right of the line, their left was secured throughout the whole day's fighting by three battalions of Hanoverians. Another corps of Germans hung on grimly to the isolated village of Todtenhausen, and by so doing ensured that no massed flanking fire could be brought to bear on the vital struggle in the centre.

Stoutly supported by British and Hanoverian Artillery, the line of Allied Infantry closed its attenuated ranks and swung forward to turn wavering defeat into positive rout, as a brilliant charge by the German Horse broke up the disordered French and sent them scurrying from the field. The last word was with the Allied gunners, who pounded the fleeing enemy so heavily that they could not be rallied until they had retreated far beyond the furthest limits of what they had regarded as an impregnable position.

Of all people the Germans most faithfully mirror the quality and characteristics—good or ill—of those who become their leaders. In Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick they were endowed with a commander of unexceptionable integrity, whose outstanding talents as a tactician were happily supplemented by a genius for welding the heterogeneous elements of an allied army into a homogeneous force that worked and fought together in complete understanding and harmony. It was a service of inestimable value, since the Peace of Paris of 1763 found no less than 57,700 auxiliaries in British pay, of whom by far the greater number were Germans.

In North America between 1752 and 1755 measures to check

French encroachments on the Ohio valley-lands led to Major George Washington's setback at Fort Necessity, and the disaster which overwhelmed a mixed force of British and Provincial troops, under General Braddock, on the Monongahela.

Since imminent military operations in Europe exerted first claim on the meagre British military establishment, it was impossible immediately to reinforce the over-extended Provincial militia with British redcoats. As an alternative a Bill was passed in December 1755 authorizing the enrolment of four battalions of foreigners—mostly Germans with a few Swiss—to be known as the Royal Americans. Thus the descendants of the medieval *Landsknechts* and Swiss pikemen took service under the Hanoverian who sat on England's throne.

Employed at Louisburg, Cape Breton, and with Wolfe at Quebec, the regiment speedily gained a reputation for solid soldierly qualities and exemplary behaviour under fire which the years served only to enhance. Perhaps its most gruelling service came in the days immediately following the expulsion of the French from Canada. The Pontiac rebellion loosed a swarm of bloodthirsty Red Indians against the line of thinly manned posts between Niagara and Fort Pitt; and garrisons of half a dozen undernourished, disease-weakened men held out to the last cartridge, and died horribly but without flinching.

Even in times of comparative peace, life in the Royal Americans' lonely outposts was one of unceasing watchfulness and almost unalleviated hardship. Amongst other things there was an invariable shortage of supplies. One unfortunate individual wrote to his distant home:

We have no kind of flesh nor venison nor fish, and that we suffer with patience, but the pork is so bad that neither officers nor men can eat it. I myself lief [have lived] more than seventeen weeks on flour and pease-soup, and have eat no kint of meat but a little bear at Christmas.

Yet no man faltered at his post; the vigil was maintained with true Teutonic stoicism, until the day came when—still under German sponsorship—the regiment was taken on to the British regular establishment as the King's Royal Rifle Corps—the 'Greenjackets.'

In the American War of Independence there was, unfortunately, no Ferdinand of Brunswick to co-ordinate Anglo-German activities

and smoothe things over in his own inimitable way. Neither did the quality of the Teutonic human material engaged in the struggle in any way measure up to the standard of the men of Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Minden.

In 1775 the possibility of increasing the British Army establishment from 35,000 to 55,000 had seemed so remote that recourse had been made to the rulers of Brunswick, Hesse, Hesse-Cassel, and Waldeck to furnish contingents totalling 18,000, at a bonus for the princely rulers of \$36 a head.¹

The force thus bundled together was in a very different category to the rigorously trained regulars of the Seven Years War. Resentfully conscripted peasants, for the most part, with a few bankrupt tradesmen and fugitive apprentices thrown in for good measure, with the honourable exception of their Artillery units they were never more than a horde of bewildered yokels in shoddy uniform.

Washington's bold Noeltide dash against them at Trenton netted 1,000 prisoners—and 'a whole band of music'—out of a total force of 1,300. In 1777, with Colonel Baum's attempt to raid Bennington for supplies, it was perfectly easy for John Stark's nimble backwoodsmen to round up adversaries who included in their ranks dismounted Dragoons who clumped about the forest-lands in ponderous jackboots and stiff leather breeches, trailing a 12-lb. broadsword and a heavy carbine.

Moreover, a conscript force made up of small-holders and agricultural labourers was peculiarly responsive to the subtly phrased enticements embodied in the propaganda sheets discreetly circulated amongst the troops by Washington's agents. To men of countryside antecedents the temptation to desert and take up the generous parcel of land offered by Congress to anyone who 'came over' was well-nigh irresistible.

The measure of contempt in which these pitiful Teutonic hirelings were held is revealed by the contemporary term given to a disease affecting the crops—the 'Husshin [Hessian] blight'!

Leadership of the very highest quality and a lengthy indoctrination in the art of war is essential if the German's innate sense of discipline and painstaking capacity for carrying out the orders given him is to be turned to the best advantage.

¹ At the contemporary rate of exchange, about £7 7s.; the spending value of which was approximately £35.

It was a very different story, however, with the Hessian brigade which, in company with the British component of the garrison, endured all the rigours of Gibraltar's gruelling siege of three years, seven months, and twelve days. Sent to the Rock in the first instance to release redcoat formations for service in North America or India, the regiments of Hardenburg, de la Motte, and Redan between them suffered 247 casualties out of a total—for nine British battalions, with ancillary contingents of Artillery, Engineers and Marines—of 1,188. The Hanoverians, indeed, had every reason to look back with pride on their share in the Rock's defence; and right up to the war of 1914–18 the 73rd Hanoverian Fusiliers—descendants of Hardenburg's stalwarts of 1779–83—displayed a blue brassard on their tunic sleeves with the 'Battle Honour' of *Gibraltar* worked on it in gold thread.

In 1803 the pie-crust Peace of Amiens dissolved in a whirlwind of insults hurled at the British Ambassador's head by Napoleon in person. With the inevitable resumption of hostilities the little Corsican marched in his troops to seize Hanover, as a preliminary move in his overall design for the invasion of England.

One of the conqueror's first acts was to disband the Electoral Army of 15,000, and impound all weapons and military stores. He omitted, however, to intern the personnel; and one by one, and then in parties of half a dozen and more, these shamed and angry men made their way to England. Their plea to be employed in the British service ended in the formation of the King's German Regiment, which speedily expanded into the King's German Legion. Within a couple of years the corps had expanded to include one regiment of Dragoons, another of Hussars, two battalions of light and four of line Infantry, with two batteries of Horse Artillery and three of field guns. Negotiations were concluded with Sweden to open recruiting depots at Stralsund and Rugen, to ensure a steady inflow of recruits; and by the end of 1805 the Legion could boast a strength of 14,000 effectives. What is more, they were men of strong soldierly instincts, sober, disciplined, and burning to avenge the humiliation inflicted on their country in 1803.

Wellington made the fullest use of their services throughout the campaign waged against Napoleon's marshals in the Iberian peninsula. In particular, the Legion Cavalry proved invaluable, both in

action and as 'bear-leaders' to the British Horse. For admirable as were the British regiments in the execution of formal parade movements, there was a very great deal their German allies could teach them about reconnaissance, the work of outposts and patrols, horsemanship on active service, and the routine of foraging and setting up bivouacs and horse-lines in a terrain singularly unadapted to the maintenance of large bodies of mounted troops.

The German Cavalry was particularly noted for its outpost work; the Hussars of the Legion—later assisted by the British 14th and 16th Light Dragoons—keeping the 40-mile line of the Argueda and Azaja for a solid month against a fourfold strength of hostile Horse, during which period the position was never penetrated.

In close action the German auxiliaries proved equally dependable. The charge of Böck's Heavy Dragoons at Garcia Hernandez—a brisk follow-up to clinch the staggering defeat inflicted on the French at Salamanca—was considered by the Gallic general, Maximilian Foy, to have been the most brilliant and successful cavalry action of the whole of the Peninsular War.

An equally high standard was maintained with the German Infantry. Frugal, strictly disciplined, and confident in action, they stood shoulder to shoulder with their redcoat comrades, fell with 'all their wounds in front,' and never deigned to cast an anxious glance to the rear—which is a great deal more than can be said of some of the allies with which Britain has been inflicted, both before and since.

At Waterloo Napoleon and Wellington confronted each other with somewhat scratch forces. The latter, indeed, had frankly termed his own 'an infamous army.' With many of his tried and trusty Peninsular regiments either on foreign station or the high seas, there was reason enough for his discontent. But among his formations, in addition to some doubtful Dutch and Belgian troops, were eight battalions of Germans made up of Hanoverian Electoral contingents and the King's German Legion. All of them were woefully understrength, but in the 3,994 officers and men remaining the Iron Duke had such unqualified confidence that he entrusted one weak battalion with the defence of the vital strong-point—a little in advance of the left of his line—of *La Haye Sainte*. Moreover, he had absolute faith in the Prussian Marshal Blücher's given word that, despite the setback he had suffered a couple of days earlier,

he would reorganize and return to the attack of Napoleon's right flank with all possible speed.

Early in the battle the Emperor threw in an assault on both flanks; and *La Haye Sainte* came under heavy fire and continuous pressure. Three companies of the 2nd Light Battalion of the Legion met the enemy advance with heavy musketry, but were pressed back by sheer weight of numbers. The French were halted, however, by the fierce flanking fire of another party of Germans; and a prompt counter-attack bade fair to sweep the crest of the Gallic advance out of existence. At this moment a regiment of Cuirassiers swept in obliquely on the Hanoverian sortie, charging home to scatter the line of bayonets in some confusion. Ten of the Legion officers fell in the open; but the men rallied under their N.C.Os. and took up firing positions in and about the farm buildings, where they stood firm. There was no escaping the fact that with their immediate supports driven back, the Germans in *La Haye Sainte* were totally isolated, yet the stronghold continued to be held by its dogged garrison.

As the tide of battle ebbed and flowed the men in the cut-off out-work experienced a certain easing of pressure; although a sudden attack by part of Donzelot's division nearly broke down the defence and actually succeeded in setting fire to a barn full of Jäger riflemen. While half their comrades kept up a brisk fusillade, the remainder of the men sweated to extinguish the flames with water brought from the yard pond in their camp kettles. Short of ammunition as they were, and with smouldering beams falling about their ears, they contrived to drive off every assault; and the island of resistance remained firmly and stolidly defiant.

As a stormy sun broke through the rain clouds and the day began to wane, Napoleon espied the heads of Blücher's marching columns toiling to come up on his right flank. There was no time to be lost. Wellington's left wing must be crushed and rolled up before a junction could be effected between the Iron Duke and his faithful Prussian ally.

Receiving peremptory orders to take *La Haye Sainte* at all costs, fiery, red-headed Marshal Ney himself led the fresh attack on the farm's indomitable garrison, now reduced to less than half a dozen cartridges a man. Once again the barn was set afire, and yet once more the flames were extinguished. But as weapon after weapon

fell silent for sheer want of powder and ball, the French began to gain ground. One by one the defenders were filtered out, to seek refuge with two companies of the 1st Light Battalion in position athwart the nearby crossroads. The key of Wellington's left centre may have been lost when at last the battered farm buildings were overrun by the enemy's repeated assaults. But it had been held on to with such tenacious courage that Blücher's Prussians had been given ample time to make their presence felt; its capture came too late to spare Napoleon that crushing defeat to which the Germans' dogged stand had made no inconsiderable contribution.

In 1831 a Belgian soldier-of-fortune, Baron de Bœgard, raised a force of 4,000 mercenaries, a large proportion of whom were Germans or Alsatians. Taken over by the French Government, the formation was given the title of the *Légion Etrangère*, or Foreign Legion. The backbone of the Gallic conquests in North Africa and Cochin China, the proportion of Teutons serving in the ranks consistently remained high. In the final operations in Indo-China, among the units of the Legion incorporated in the defence of Dien-Bien-Phu between 50 and 60 per cent. of the rank and file were of German origin. The quality of the faith they kept, in return for a miserable wage, was the measure of the stronghold's capacity for resistance.

Students of American history will not need reminding of the solid reputation earned by the hard-fighting division commanded by Carl Schurz, and made up very largely of Americans of German descent, which in the War between the States formed part of Oliver O. Howard's soldierly 11th Corps. They did well because they reflected the integrity of their leadership. Germans always *do* respond to leadership, but the curse of it is that their reaction is just as fervent with evil leadership as with good; and they have been singularly unfortunate in some of those who have set the pattern.

Given a Ferdinand of Brunswick, a Moltke, or a Rommel to establish a standard of behaviour well within the accepted bounds of civilized warfare, and no better or more morally responsible men-at-arms could be desired. In the defence of the Legation Quarter during the Boxer Rebellion the 62 German and 37 Austrian sailors who formed part of the tiny garrison bore their full share

of the fighting and more. Well led, they maintained excellent discipline and showed themselves ever ready to lend a hand when some sector of the works other than their own was especially hard pressed. A similar soldierly standard characterized the German element in the mixed force operating against the Bolsheviks in 1919; as Field-Marshal Earl Alexander—in command of one of the contingents—has readily borne witness. Nor should it be forgotten that in 1940, at the hazard of their lives, soldiers of the German line were instrumental in saving the priceless La Tour pastels from the burning museum in St Quentin. Such men were at very far remove from the brutalized ruffians who made up Hitler's Gestapo and Waffen S.S.

The range of a people's capabilities is revealed as much by the depths to which they can descend as by the heights they have shown themselves capable of scaling. Where the German is concerned, whenever he has found himself under sound leadership, and especially when he has formed part of a composite force, his abiding sense of emotional instability has achieved equipoise through the steadying influence of his commander and his associates. Of his personal valour there has never been any question. But he is highly strung and in some respects inclined to be spiritually maladjusted. Co-operation with the phlegmatic British and the intensely practical Americans would bring out the best in him and transmute crass self-assertion into quiet confidence.

Like alcohol, the internal combustion engine, atomic energy, and a host of potentially dangerous things which, none the less, can be put to constructive purpose, all he requires is the right sort of handling.

REGINALD HARGREAVES

FEATHERED DANCERS

ALL forms of bird-behaviour are worth studying, and among these feeding-habits and self-preservation from the hazards of life are of primary importance. But there is a climax in a bird's year when behaviour takes on a special importance and a special character. This is the whole cycle of events connected with the propagation of its kind, from the beginnings of pair-formation to the departure of the young from the nest. It is then that behaviour becomes different from that at any other time of the year, is prompted by a new urge, acquires a pattern and a rhythm peculiar to it, and peculiar to the species of bird concerned. Of necessity this is a protracted phase, with a rhythm of its own and phases of its own. From among them we may single out one which makes a special appeal, those preliminaries to mating which we call courtship. When the cock is making advances to the hen, when she is responding to those advances, birds behave in ways which fail to appear at other times. It is true that these ceremonies are performed by some birds also at later stages in the breeding-cycle, when incubation or even the rearing of the brood has begun. It is then a matter of formalized endearments, appearing first at the time of courtship, being continued into married life, with the object of strengthening and preserving the marriage bond. But it is chiefly during courtship that formalities appear, actions whose purpose seems to be other than strictly practical, when at times it is not easy to understand the purpose at all. We may even suppose that they are indulged in for their own sake. There is much in them that is strange, grotesque, or even ludicrous, much also that is exceedingly beautiful.

It might be supposed that courtship is a simple, or at least an easily recognizable action, but the truth is, as Dr David Lack points out in his *Life of the Robin*, the term is used loosely to cover three distinct phases. The first is a signal, either visual or aural, by which the cock announces his presence to a prospective mate; the second those actions, sometimes simple, at others complex and prolonged, leading directly to mating and meant to stimulate the sexual urge of the hen; and the third, referred to above, serving to maintain the marriage bond. It is not unreasonable to call all these courtship of a kind, though there is something to be said for reserving the

term solely for the second. This splitting up of courtship into three phases is important, since it stresses what is a fact, that it is by no means a simple matter. If, abandoning the term courtship, we use the wider term display, the result is to increase the complexity by introducing an entirely different, and in one sense opposite, motive. For it is undoubtedly true that much of a cock bird's energy during display is used not in making advances to a hen, not in propitiation of any kind, but in intimidation by means of threats, occasionally developing into something more serious, of a rival cock.

It follows that in studying the display of birds we must take account of these two distinct drives, sexual and bellicose, appeasement and aggression, love and war. Sometimes one shows itself about as much as the other, but the robin is a striking example of a bird whose aggressive tendency is far more highly developed than the erotic, at least so far as outward indications are concerned. There is no doubt that they display, and at one time it was believed that this was courtship. The mistake was understandable, since in the robin the sexes are outwardly indistinguishable; but it is now known that the vigorous posturing of a cock robin is meant solely as a threat against a rival, and that robins are unusual, if not unique among birds, in showing hardly anything in the way of true courtship. What happens is that the cock flaunts his red breast, puffs it out, turns this way and that, when confronted by another robin, whether male or female. If the intruder is a cock he usually retreats at once, if not the first attacks and puts him to flight. There may be a fight, but scarcely ever a bitter one. Obviously it would be extremely disadvantageous to robins as such if frequent fights, involving injury and death, became the custom. Experiments have made it clear that it is the simple quality of redness that elicits aggression, for robins will threaten and often attack a crude dummy, or even a bunch of red feathers. Response is made to a single, overriding stimulus, and this is true of many birds besides robins, and many animals besides birds.

If a cock robin flaunts his red breast at a hen, the result may be quite different. There may well be flight and pursuit here too, but on the other hand if she is physiologically in the mating condition she remains motionless, and copulation follows. We may in fact suppose that the cock does not know whether the bird confronting

him is male or female until the truth is disclosed by the appropriate reaction.

Hostile demonstrations of this kind are interpreted to-day very largely in terms of the territory theory, which states that in the breeding-season the males of most kinds of bird, as well as those of many other kinds of animal, severally proclaim themselves lord of a well-defined territory which he will defend vigorously against members of his own species. The proclamation where birds are concerned is made by means of song, or of some specific utterance hardly deserving of that name, and this is at the same time a challenge to other males and an invitation to a prospective mate. The fact that such territories exist cannot now be denied, but there is still disagreement as to their significance and purpose. There can be little doubt that they serve materially in the formation and maintenance of pairs, and that they reduce fighting which otherwise would become indiscriminate and savage. As things are, disputes are confined to the frontiers of territories and limited even there to aggressive displays, threat-postures ferocious enough to bring about the retreat of an intruder. It seems reasonably certain too that they cause some sort of spacing out of breeding pairs, but probably not, as some have claimed, to the extent of reducing the density to an average optimum.

We can conclude, therefore, that male birds at the beginning of the breeding season are under stress of two distinct urges, the sexual and the bellicose, the one directed at a future mate, the other at rivals of the same sex. But the two are not always rigidly separable, since as we have seen a cock bird will often act in an aggressive manner towards a hen, at least until in some recognizable manner she has proclaimed her sex and her submissiveness. It is important at the same time to realize that bounds are set to the way cocks behave when under the influence of both urges. Nature will not permit indiscriminate fighting and restrains it partly by means of the territory system, partly by directing the fighting spirit into ritualized channels. As for the sexual urge that too is in a manner restricted, and here again territory plays a part, becoming at least among some birds a nuptial chamber where mating may take place in peace, free from the interference of a third party. A more important influence is, once again, ceremonial, formalization, the adoption of a fixed pattern of behaviour, deserving to be

called ritual. Courting birds behave in a manner peculiar to their species, assuming attitudes, circling, strutting, either in silence or with loud cries, flaunting some boldly marked device of crest or wing or tail-feather, which thus becomes a banner of love reserved for, or at least made the most of, on these occasions. But these patterns and postures frequently serve a different purpose. The banner of love is raised also as a banner of war, proclaiming in another way the sex of the owner, not as an invitation to a mate, but as a challenge to a rival, part of a threat-posture assumed on the frontier of a territory. It would be too much to say that invariably they are the same, but it very frequently happens that an attitude or a flaunting of some specific pattern serves both purposes.

One more consideration, one more highly important and entirely different purpose must be brought in here. These fixed and formalized patterns of courtship behaviour serve not only to ensure the propagation of a species but also to preserve its purity. Their evolutionary purpose is to enable the sexes to recognize one another as belonging to the same species, and so to prevent hybridization or at least an attempt in that direction. It is a matter of signal and counter-signal, fixed and specific, so that each shall be not only unmistakable but also correct. If the wrong reaction appears, courtship leads to no consummation. This is what students of animal-behaviour and of evolution call an isolating mechanism. By means of it one species becomes isolated for breeding purposes from another and closely related species.

Birds then during courtship indulge in antics which may be amorous or aggressive, or both at the same time. We may be concerned merely with a pair, though it is more than likely that a second male will intrude. This does something to change the situation, but fails to produce any marked complication. It is when several pairs are seen to be displaying in one place, congregated for that purpose, that a fresh element is introduced. The thing then becomes communal, a social gathering and frequently a very striking spectacle indeed, deserving to be called a dance. The object of courtship displays of all kinds is to stimulate and synchronize the sexual promptings, but where we have a gathering such as this it is much more than a matter of several pairs who have formed the habit of displaying in one place. The social status has its own purpose, for there can be little doubt that the mere fact that they

are all performing the same antics in the same place exerts a collective stimulating effect upon all. That is the biological function of the gathering.

We think with some reason that an advance is involved here, an important step in the direction of what we call civilization. Civilized activity is to a very large extent social activity, and in this connection we may well remind ourselves that the social display of birds presents us with a close parallel with the social display of men. The courtship dances of birds are not at all unlike the tribal dances of primitive people. It is possible to trace quite clearly the same three components. There is much that is sexually suggestive in such dances: there is much that is aggressive and martial. The social element, acting on both and on every performer, is there as well. The performers in both kinds of gathering might well be described as feathered dancers, on some occasions at least. Natives of the interior of New Guinea bedizen themselves for social ceremonies with the magnificent plumes of birds of paradise. The parallel, like all such, cannot be pressed beyond certain limits, but it is there, and can be carried a stage or two further. The dance-movements are traditional, fixed and specific where each tribe is concerned. So are those of birds. We find also the same sublimation of the primitive instincts of love and war. The movements in a tribal dance suggest amorous attitudes and actions, but at least within the framework of the dance go no further than suggestion or imitation. The same is true of the aggressive instinct, which is similarly sublimated and ritualized into the stamping of feet, the brandishing of weapons, the chanting of war-songs. There are threat-postures innumerable, but no real combat.

We find therefore that many different kinds of bird have learned to associate for purposes of display, and that the habit once formed has proved valuable as a factor in their survival on account of what E. A. Armstrong, the author of *Bird Display and Behaviour*, calls social facilitation, that infection of example which runs physiologically and psychologically, internally and externally, through the whole gathering. It remains now to give examples of these ceremonial gatherings.

Various species of duck, pochards for example, indulge in a somewhat primitive display, a number of drakes converging upon a duck. For a time they swim about erratically with bobbing heads.

Then
The
aggre
as w
copie
oyste
very
parti
and
repea
serve
sive
and
Wha
but
keen
the s
do f
or y
a cha
than
in in
be fo
accu
elem
Th
illust
sexu
the o
istic
All t
comp
West
differ
displ
year
Th
conc
on th

Then a duck stretches herself out provocatively and mating follows. The sexual urge seems considerably more in evidence than the aggressive and promiscuity prevails. But the social element is there as well, showing itself in the way one head-bobbing drake is soon copied by others. On our rocky western coasts the beautiful pied oystercatcher is frequently seen, and during the breeding season very notably heard as well. They specialize at such times in piping-parties of up to twelve birds of both sexes, who with heads bowed and bright red bills directed gapingly towards the ground, utter repeated, two-syllable, ringing cries. It seems clear that the piping serves a double purpose, an indication both of sexual and of aggressive intent. The cocks pipe both at the hen member of the party and at each other. But the gathering has social significance as well. What frequently happens is that a piping-party begins as a duet but quickly becomes a trio, the cocks competing more and more keenly. Then their far-reaching cries, loud enough to rise above the surge of the waves, invite others to join in, which they presently do from a considerable distance, sometimes even forsaking eggs or young to respond to that urgent summons. When that happens a change comes over the party. The piping, as loud or even louder than before, becomes less obviously aggressive, less obviously sexual in intent, more obviously just piping carried on, the watcher might be forgiven for concluding, for its own sake and nothing else. More accurately, it ceases to be an expression purely and simply of elemental instincts, becomes sublimated, ritualized.

The display of the oystercatcher then is of particular interest as illustrating the threefold nature of all such group displays; the sexual, the aggressive, and the social, of which the last formalizes the other two into a ceremony which has now become as characteristic of these birds as their pied livery and their long red bills. All the same, unmistakable as it is, the social aspect is rudimentary compared with that shown by two other birds well known in Western Europe, the ruff and the blackcock. Both of these, in their different ways, have so developed the social organization of their display that they can be called arena-birds, making use year after year of traditional dancing-floors.

The ruff is something of a rarity so far as the British Isles are concerned, and its social gatherings have been studied intensively on the level polders along the Dutch coast. It is a small, brownish,

speckled wader, devoid of any very marked characteristic, except and notably so for the males during the spring and summer months, when they become unlike any other wader on account of the prominent Elizabethan-type ruff or tippet round the neck. This varies in colour between black, brown, buff, or white, and is sometimes plain, sometimes streaked. It is at the arena that this striking sexual adornment comes into full prominence, and the term arena needs some elaboration, since it is not as simple as it sounds. Applied to that part of the meadow on which the birds collect, it is divided up into a number of circular patches, or courts, each trampled bare by the feet of its owner. For it is really this court that matters so far as each cock is concerned. It is in fact his territory, so reduced in size as to be no more than a foot or two in diameter, and so closely neighboured by others that the sum of them becomes the arena. It is within the narrow limits of the court that the ruffs take up their fighting attitude, fencing at their rivals with necks outstretched, bills thrust forward like rapiers, and tippets fluffed out to their full extent. As always there is no real fighting, as always it is formalized bluff, ritual attitudinizing. Then a second phase ensues when the bird pulls himself up, crouches and touches the ground with his rapier. This is the final invitation to the reeve, and is usually followed by the act of mating, still within the limits of the court, though on occasions it takes place at a slight distance.

It must be stressed that this sparring and fencing among the ruffs is in no direct sense competition for the prize of a mate. The behaviour of the reeve shows this clearly, for it is she who does the choosing. With scarcely any outward sign of excitement she alights within the arena, goading the ruffs to a finer frenzy. Then with the same air of composure she indicates the ruff of her choice by touching him with her bill. It is then and then only that copulation takes place. This is interesting, since it has been interpreted as an example of what Darwin meant by sexual selection, the deliberate choice by the hen of that one among the cocks who wins her approval by greater vigour of posturing, or even by flaunting plumage more boldly marked than that of his rivals. Darwin believed that in this way the hen becomes an agent of natural selection, ensuring breeding success, and therefore the survival not only of the fittest but of the most splendidly decked. He applied it widely, but on the whole naturalists since his day have been sceptical.

T
cour
ther
call
thou
cock
span
inju
as th
black
roo-
excit
with
curv
rais
whic
a ha
agai

P
mon
The
hap
resp
glor
their
The
whil
of f
post
ness
mon
of d
But
Rus
to d
pon
para
in t
danc

The social display of the blackcock of Scottish moors, which of course is a grouse, has been developed along similar lines, but there are certain contrasts. Again there is the arena, or 'lek' as it is called in this instance, divided once more into a number of courts, though these are less conspicuously outlined. Here too we find the cocks defending these shrunken territories, crouching, posturing, sparring, and as before the conflict is ritualized, seldom resulting in injury. Again there is the choice of a mate by the female, known as the grey hen. On the other hand, while ruffs display in silence, blackcocks utter a throaty chorus of crowings, and a characteristic *roo-koo-koo* not unlike the crooning of a pigeon, but much more excited. The blackcock has his own sexual adornments, the head with its red comb, the tail-feathers arranged in a double, lyre-shaped curve, and he makes the very most of them, lowering the one and raising the other in the course of his erotic and aggressive advances, which are even more frenzied than those of the ruff. He scuttles in a half circle about the hen, crouches, thrusts out his neck, now and again leaps into the air.

Passing to the tropics we come upon other birds whose ceremonies are even more impressive, whose feathers are even finer. The birds of paradise of New Guinea and its associated islands perhaps come first to mind. There are many different species of these resplendent crows, and of all the birds of the air none are more gloriously arrayed than the cocks during the breeding season, with their gorgeous iridescent colouring, their rippling, arching plumes. They too are arena-birds, but in most instances the arena is a tree, while the courts are individual branches, sometimes stripped bare of foliage and rubbed smooth by the prolonged and extravagant posturing of the birds. Naturally enough, considering the remoteness of their haunts and the fact that they use trees for their ceremonies rather than the ground, we know far less about the details of display than we do with respect to the birds already discussed. But the broad outlines have been known for some time. Alfred Russel Wallace, nearly a hundred years ago, was among the first to describe them. It is safe to say that the three characteristic components can be made out. Both the greater and the lesser bird of paradise, for example, assemble to the number of twenty or more in the same tree year after year, where the cocks perform their dances, quivering their wings in ecstasy, raising them to display

the golden glory of their plumes in cascading, rippling movement, uttering at intervals a harsh *wark-wark-wark*. From time to time, except for quivering wings, they hold their pose without movement and in silence, then lower their plumes and hop wildly along the branch, calling frenziedly. Wallace's standard-wing brings his paroxysm of display to an end by turning a back somersault; while two other kinds, Prince Rudolph's and the Emperor of Germany's bird of paradise, not infrequently hang head-downwards from a branch.

Birds of paradise are unknown in the New World, except for a small island off Tobago in the West Indies, where they were introduced some forty years ago, and where their descendants survive under protection to-day. But tropical America has other birds also with brilliant plumage, whose ceremonial displays are social to an extent on a level with and even exceeding those already described. There is for instance the cock-of-the-rock of the northern part of the South American continent. The males are a brilliant fiery orange, with a black-edged helmet-like crest. Once again it has been known for a century or more that their display is a sight worth making a long journey to see, but so far it has not received the detailed, analytical attention it so abundantly deserves, and again this is because of its comparative rarity and the remoteness of its haunts in the sombre depths of the rain-forest. It seems though that once more there are several courts stripped bare of fallen leaves. But at that point similarity with other social displays comes to an unexpected and highly interesting end, for it appears that each of the courts is not the exclusive, defended territory of a particular cock, but is shared as a dancing-floor by several up to the number of eight or nine. The performance begins as a solo, with the rest looking on from trees overhanging the court, then a second joins in, followed presently by others, until all are at it together, hopping from the trees to the ground and back again, strutting about with bowing heads and fluffed-out feathers, like so many leaping flames in the dimness of the forest. But this is not the only unexpected feature, for it looks as though the dance is an affair of the males only. In this species, as in many others that display socially, there is marked sexual dimorphism, and the female cock-of-the-rock wears a sober, speckled, greenish-grey livery, but there is evidence for believing that when a bird answering to this descrip-

tion t
an im
appar
there
that i
sexual
the li

Ag
island
to tha
forty
recon
to sa
organ
descr
the s
the b
stock
are f
tively
sapli
centr
twen
a foc
gathe
silen
the c
and
duce
the s
the m
leap
near
back
is us
expl
ingl
her
galv

tion turns up at or near one of the courts, it is not a female but an immature male. How are we to interpret this display, with its apparent anomalies? Clearly in the absence of further evidence, there can be no final interpretation. The very most we can say is that it looks as though the aggressive element has over-ridden the sexual, and that it has become so highly ritualized that, even within the limits of a territory, no fighting in the strict sense takes place.

Again in tropical America, including some of the West Indian islands, there is a family of birds, the Pipridae or manakins, related to that of which the cock-of-the-rock is a member. There are some forty species, and the courtship display of one or two has been recorded in considerable detail in recent years. It is not too much to say that they show a ritualized social, and even co-ordinated, organization to a degree more marked than any of those already described. In the deep forests of Trinidad, for example, both in the southern part of the island and in the wooded northern ranges, the black and white manakin is comparatively common, a little, stocky pied bird with a black crown and pink legs. Their courts are found, as I have myself seen them, in forest with a comparatively open canopy and undergrowth consisting mainly of tree-saplings. Very commonly one of these saplings rises from the centre of a court, which is otherwise bare. It is not unusual for twenty or more of these courts to be crowded together, each only a foot or two from its neighbours. Here the dancing manakins gather to perform their frenzied social display. They are far from silent. Two entirely different utterances accompany the ceremony, the one vocal, a reiterated *chee-oo, chee-oo*, the other mechanical and altogether more strange, a startlingly loud snapping click, produced in some rather obscure way by the wings and resembling the snap of elastic, or even the explosion of a fire-cracker. As for the movements in the dance, they are mainly a matter of horizontal leaping between a sapling in the centre of a court and another at or near the boundary, all at flashing speed and with scarcely a pause, back and forth, back and forth. The ground-cover over the arena is usually sparse enough for the concealed watcher to keep several explosively bouncing cocks in view at the same time, and an exceedingly animated scene it then becomes, particularly when a female in her grey-green plumage joins in, when the whole gathering becomes galvanized into a climax of furious activity.

It is clear that the clicking and the leaping have both a sexual and a competitive intent, but the concourse quite fails to produce any evidence of hostility. The thing is a dance, organized, ritualized, to some extent even co-ordinated. The females, though greatly outnumbered by the males, nevertheless take part from time to time, and it seems likely that they carry out some form of sexual selection as a sequel to partnership in the to-and-fro leaping.

Haunting the same montane forests of Trinidad is another manakin, the golden-headed, velvet black with an orange crown. It too has a social display, in almost every respect different. In the first place it resembles the birds of paradise in choosing trees for its dancing, at a height of some 30 or 40 feet above the ground. Accompanying sounds are mainly vocal, and it seems that there is more than one figure to their dance, a company of from four to twelve cocks performing together. One figure is a sideways leaping, not unlike that of its black and white cousin. A second takes the form of a circuitous approach of one cock towards another, following a path which takes it in wide, exceedingly swift swoops under and over the rival, and so back to its original perch. A third is a gliding along the branch, a sliding to and fro, ending in a motionless pose with wings raised and tail-feathers fanned out. The females only occasionally appear, and the males in their dancing abandon their usual somewhat crouching stance and raise themselves so as to show off a circlet of red and white feathers, like a garter, round the thigh.

In parts of the mainland of South America, in Tobago, but not in Trinidad, some 20 miles to the south, there is a third manakin, the blue-backed, with a crimson crown and a patch of sky-blue on the shoulders. Their dance is about as different from that of the other two as could be. A pair of males performs a duet, perching close together on a branch and uttering synchronized notes as of two pebbles being struck together. Their movements are vertical jumps of one member of the pair, either alternately straight up and down, or with one of them returning to the branch at a spot behind the other, who moves up to take his place before making a similar jump. This strange anti-clockwise circling takes place in front of a female who shows small concern and presently flies away. Two interesting points emerge: first that two cocks evidently share a territory, and secondly that the performance strongly sug-

gests p
Fina
its di
it is u
in sou
yet to
by th
descri
wings
off. T
birds

gests polyandry, the mating of a female with more than one male.

Finally and briefly yet another manakin must be mentioned, since its display has a characteristic so remarkable that very possibly it is unique. This manakin is closely related to the last, and is found in south-eastern Brazil. The dance which, so far as I know, has yet to be described in anything like complete detail, is performed by three or four cocks with one of them acting as what can be described as master of ceremonies, giving the signal by beating his wings together for the dance to begin, and after a while to leave off. These orders are rigidly obeyed. Social co-ordination among birds could hardly go farther.

LESLIE REID

THE JEWISH REMNANT IN GERMANY

JEWISH life in Germany fifteen years after the liberation from the barbarous Nazi tyranny is both normal and abnormal. The present Jewish population is not much more than one-twentieth part of that which lived in the German Reich when Hitler came to power in 1933. The majority of German Jews made their way as refugees, before the Second World War, to countries in all parts of the world, the largest numbers to Palestine (now Israel), the U.S.A., Great Britain, and the Commonwealth. Very few of them have come back. Of those that remained in Germany in 1939, far the greatest part died, or were exterminated in the death-camps, during the war. When Germany capitulated, some hundreds of thousands of European Jews were among the displaced persons in the concentration camps or forced-labour camps of Europe; and they were for the most part unwilling to be repatriated to Poland, Hungary, Roumania, and Czechoslovakia. They could no longer regard as a 'patria' their native country, where their families had been done to death. Some 300,000 emigrated to Israel as soon as the doors were opened; smaller numbers went to North and South America, Australia, and other countries overseas.

The tiny community which remained in Occupied Germany at one time seemed likely to disappear, because the young persons steadily emigrated. In the last years, however, it has been stabilized in numbers. In the German Federal Republic there are to-day between 25,000 and 30,000. In the Democratic Republic, formerly the Russian Zone, the estimated number is very much less, not more than 2,000. The largest community in each State is in divided Berlin. In the western sectors of the city there are 6,000; in the eastern, about 1,000. The other larger communities are at Frankfurt, Munich, Düsseldorf, Hamburg, and Hanover, not more than 2,000 in any one town. Smaller congregations are re-established in many places where Jewish life had flourished for centuries. A small trickle of German Jews has come back during the last ten years from Israel and North and South America. While there is still some emigration of the young to those countries, it appears to be a little less than the immigration of older persons. The displaced persons' camps have disappeared. The last in which Jews remained, at

Fohre
part
from
home

In
the p
which
able
owne
autho
for re
lery,
destr
terms
stipu
to pa
mark
tratic
subje
their
is a
prop
agen
man
be d
each
unife
vide
refu
was
Gov
to it
able
of f
Afte
the
lati
wor
com

Fohrenwald in Bavaria, was closed some years ago. But a large part of the new communities is composed of displaced persons from Central and Eastern Europe, who have elected to make their home in the country which was long the centre of Jewish culture.

In some ways the Jews are a favoured and privileged part of the population. Those who owned immovable property in Germany, which was confiscated, or sold by them under duress, have been able to recover it from the German Government or the present owner or possessor, in virtue of legislation passed by the military authority in each of the three western Zones of Occupation. Claims for restitution of movable property, bank balances, securities, jewellery, furniture, and personal goods, which were forfeited or destroyed, are still pending. But the Western Allies, in negotiating terms of peace at Bonn with the Federal German Republic in 1952, stipulated that the Federal Government should accept the liability to pay compensation for such property, up to a value of $1\frac{1}{2}$ billion marks (£125 million). All Jews, moreover, who suffered in concentration camps, or forced-labour camps, whether German or foreign subjects or stateless persons, are entitled to claim compensation for their sufferings, for loss of liberty, health, career, and the rest. That is a much bigger operation than the restitution of identifiable property, and it has called for the establishment of vast German agencies and special tribunals. The Allied Military Control in Germany did not itself enact legislation on the matter, but left it to be dealt with by the German authorities. During the Occupation, each province—Land—could enact its own law, and there was no uniform model. In the American Zone and in Berlin the laws provided for claims not only by those residing in Germany but by refugees abroad and displaced persons from Eastern Europe. It was a provision of the Bonn Treaty of 1952 that the Federal Government should enact a compensation law which would apply to its whole territory, and that its terms should not be less favourable to claimants than the law in the American Zone. The provision of funds to meet all claims should be ensured by the Republic. After signing the contractual agreements with the Western Powers, the Federal Government discussed specific provisions of the legislation with the representatives of the Jewish communities of the world; and the result was to enlarge substantially the scope of the compensation action.

The Federal Law was enacted in October 1953; and under it over 2,000,000 claims were lodged, two-thirds of them on behalf of persons living outside Germany. That law was radically amended again in 1956, and extended the benefits of compensation to large classes of victims of Nazi oppression, non-Jewish as well as Jewish, who were not originally covered. The figures of the German Government's estimated liability under the Restitution and Compensation Laws are astronomical. They total 15 milliard, or billion, marks, which is equivalent to £1,250,000,000. Vast as these sums may appear, they are only a small fraction of the total sums paid by the Federal Republic to all sufferers; and the recovery of the German economy is so complete that Germany can make these payments to individual sufferers without strain. Half of the claims of those living in Germany have been settled, and the whole operation is to be completed by 1963. What Germany is doing for the Jews and other sufferers has a moral as well as a material significance. It is a belated act of justice and of reparation for the terrible sufferings inflicted by the Nazis.

One of the Nazi outrages was the burning or destruction of the synagogues and the communal institutions of the Jewish communities in all parts of the Reich, as part of the organized pogrom in November 1938. The restitution laws enacted by the Allied High Commissioners provided for the recognition of Jewish agencies, which were entitled to claim compensation for the destruction of the communal property, as well as for individual property to which there was no heir or claimant, and to apply the proceeds for the benefit of the Jewish communities where they were re-established. The funds they recovered have been used to reinstate synagogues and institutions. Moreover, new synagogues and communal centres have been built in several places by the State or the municipalities to replace those that were destroyed. So in Berlin, on the site of the ruined Liberal Synagogue by the Kurfuerstendamm, a spacious and handsome Gemeindehaus has been erected by the Senat of Berlin; and within a quarter of a mile the old communal building that survived provides, besides the synagogue and meeting-hall, a kindergarten and offices. It was notable that on a Sunday in September 1959 a new synagogue was dedicated at Cologne in the presence of the Chancellor, Dr Adenauer (who formerly was the Buergermeister of Cologne); and the foundation stone was laid, in the presence of

the Minister of the Interior, at Worms—on the Rhine—for the reconstruction of the most ancient synagogue in Germany, which dated from the eleventh century. The German Government is concerned that Hitler's barbarous plan to exterminate European Jewry should be visibly defeated.

The old people, who are a large part of the Jewish communities, live in communal houses, either original foundations or their replacements, and many of them are receiving compensation for the loss of health, career, parents. The philanthropic organization of the community is elaborate, as it was in the old days. There are still Jewish Councils for each 'Land,' North-Rhine, Hesse, Bavaria, etc.; and for the Western Republic as a whole a Central Council, which has its headquarters in Düsseldorf, the birthplace of Heine. In that town, also, the principal weekly, the *Juedische Allgemeine*, is published. It has been edited since the first year of the liberation by one Karl Marx, and has a wide circulation outside, as well as inside, Germany. It devotes special attention to the Jewish life in Israel, in which former German Jews play an important part.

Of overt antisemitism there is little, and the Federal Government is alert to deal with it when it appears. There is indeed in Germany a fringe indoctrinated with Nazi racialism, who break out every now and then into virulent attacks on Jews. But if they publish anything libellous against the community, they can be, and are, criminally prosecuted. When, too, young hooligans deface Jewish graves, they are promptly dealt with. A brotherhood movement is concerned to seek opportunities for co-operation of the Jewish and general community; and they organize in the principal towns a week each year devoted to gatherings to this end. The first President of the Republic has taken an active part in it. Plays and films which expose vividly the Nazi frenzy, such as the dramatic version of the Caine Mutiny and the Diaries of Anne Frank, attract large audiences. The German book of the diaries has been a best seller; and in a very different way Martin Buber's books of philosophy, and his stories of the Jewish mystics, have a great vogue. Buber himself, and another German-Jewish refugee writer, Hannah Arendt, have received high German awards for literature.

The leading Jews of the remnant are largely judges and lawyers, engaged in the immense business of restitution and compensation for Nazi victims, not only in Germany but in all parts of the world,

who have lodged their claims. That operation has brought back a number of former Jewish advocates, who found refuge after 1933 in Israel, the U.S.A., and England. Several occupy high posts in the German judiciary concerned with such cases. One is president of the Compensation Senat (Division) of the Supreme Federal Court at Karlsruhe. Another is a member of the Supreme Court of Appeal for Restitution in Berlin, which is a Mixed, that is, International, Tribunal, composed of a Scandinavian president, three judges named by the three Western Powers, and three German judges. Before Hitler the Jews were prominent in the medical profession, but far fewer Jewish doctors have returned than lawyers. Those that left Germany established themselves in all parts of the world, and are not tempted to come back. On the other hand, not a few academic teachers have come, and fill chairs at the two new universities of Western Berlin, the Charlottenburg, formerly Technische Hochschule, and the Free University, established since 1945 with the help of the Ford Foundation. Some, too, have returned to the old Humboldt Foundation in the eastern sector. Others are in the Universities of Frankfurt and Heidelberg. A Lectureship in Jewish Studies has been created in Frankfurt University, and is filled this year by a former Rabbi of Berlin, who emigrated to Israel, and more recently became the Chief Rabbi in Sweden. One famous Jewish literary figure of the past, Arnold Zweig, has returned from Israel to Eastern Berlin.

In recent years a Central Philanthropic Society (Zentralwohlfahrtsstelle der Juden in Deutschland) has been re-established, and celebrated in 1957 the fortieth anniversary of its foundation. It publishes a quarterly review, which is edited by a former Civil Servant of the Berlin Community, Dr Erwin Lowenthal, who was well known in England for his work for the refugees. The journal reflects the nostalgia for the past which is strong in German Jewry to-day, and may be compared with the nostalgia of the English public for the Victorian and Edwardian eras. At the same time it reports on the activities of the Central Society, which include homes for the aged and homes for children. It lays stress, too, on co-operation with non-Jewish philanthropic bodies. In the main towns an Arbeitsgemeinschaft (working party) is established, on which representatives of the Jewish community sit with Protestants and the Roman Catholics.

Materially and in the way of social organization the Jewish communities are well off, but not as well spiritually. Only a few Rabbis have been found to serve the congregations in Western Germany. Jewish teachers also are lacking, though some have come from Israel and bring a message of hope. The old Jewish centres of learning have not been restored. The external relations of the community with Christian bodies are happier than the internal religious life. A Council of Christians and Jews, which takes an active part in fostering good relations, has a branch in each town where there is a major congregation. The leaders of the churches and the leaders of the Gemeinde belong to it, and cultural meetings are well attended. Christians are associated with Jews also in the Society of Friends of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, which was established a few years ago in five places: Berlin, Frankfurt, Düsseldorf, Munich, and Hamburg. Distinguished professors of the universities, particularly professors of theology, are members of the branches. They are happy to manifest in this way their sympathy with the Jewish renaissance in Israel. The president is a famous Protestant theologian of the University of Münster, Professor Regensburg. In Berlin the Protestant Probst Gruber, who was a stout defender of the Jews in the days of the terror, is a prominent member, and in Frankfurt Professor Boehm, member of the Bundestag, who was the principal German delegate in the negotiations for the German indemnities to Israel and the Jewish Refugees. The magazine of the Hebrew University, *Scopus*, appears twice a year in German. Parties of German students, too, visited Israel during the spring and summer, 1959, and have been particularly interested in the Kibbutz, the collective agricultural settlements. Some published their impressions in an Israel magazine, *Forum*, which is issued in German.

A strong official link of Germany with Israel is provided by the agreement for collective reparation or indemnity, which was made by the Federal Republic with the State of Israel in 1952. That agreement gave effect to the declaration made by Dr Adenauer in Parliament, that the Federal Government was anxious to make moral retribution for the terrible things done to the Jewish people by the Nazis. After long negotiations the German Government undertook to pay, over a period of ten to twelve years, goods in kind to the value of DMarks 2,500 million. The payment of the indemnities

has proceeded regularly, and an Israel economic mission in Cologne arranges the choice and delivery of the goods to Israel. The mission enjoys diplomatic status, and it is an accepted factor in the economic life. It is an indication of popular interest in the State of Israel that a film of Palestine, entitled 'Paradise and the Fiery Furnace,' gained in 1959 the first prize, and has been a great attraction in the principal towns. It is a colourful as well as a coloured picture; and the script is almost entirely sympathetic to the Jews. The Bedouin Arabs and their camels naturally have a prominent place, because they are picturesque; but Bible archaeology, the Kibbuz, and the Weizmann Institute of Science have also their place.

The initiation of diplomatic relations between Israel and the Federal Republic is occasionally discussed. Some years ago it was Israel who held back; to-day it is said to be Germany. But with or without diplomatic relations, it is Israel which gives German Jewry such inspiration and vitality as there is in the remnant community.

NORMAN BENTWICH

THE CASEMENT DIARIES

AT the end of June 1916 Roger Casement was convicted of treason and sentenced to death. He was executed in Pentonville Prison on Aug. 3, 1916. At that time America had not declared war on Germany, but it was a matter of urgent concern to the British Government that she should do so as soon as possible. A not insignificant factor in American domestic politics at that time was the large and vocal Irish-American vote, and no American politician could then afford to ignore the reactions of that part of the electorate. Those who made up this section of American public opinion took an intense, and prejudiced, interest in Anglo-Irish affairs, and the sentence passed on Casement, following the bitter aftermath of the Easter rebellion, was calculated to exacerbate the existing anti-English feeling. But more important was American public opinion at large, which was, in the main, strongly favourable to Casement. Faced with this situation, the British Government was in something of a dilemma. On the one hand, it was a matter of importance that the sentence should be carried out; and on the other, it was equally important that the execution of Casement should not cause American public opinion to regard him as a martyr in the cause of freedom for small nations, and so disturb further Anglo-American relations at a critical time.

A little while before Casement's execution there began to make their appearance rumours which have long persisted. These rumours took the form of imputations against Casement's moral character and made their way through the smoking rooms of clubs into ordinary conversation. The story that was put about was that Casement for many years had led a life of gross moral perversion, and it was said that there was in existence a diary, in the possession of Scotland Yard, which was nothing more than a record of indecencies committed in London, Paris, and the Putumayo. It was not long before there appeared photographic copies of parts of this diary, which soon found their way into circulation.

This manœuvre did not meet with whole-hearted contemporary

approval; for example, on the day after Casement's execution *The Times* published a leading article in which the following passage occurred:

... we cannot help protesting against certain other attempts which have been made for the purpose of raising issues which are utterly damaging to Casement's character but have no connection whatever with the charges on which he was tried. . . . If there was ever any virtue in the pomp and circumstance of a great state trial, it can only be weakened by inspired innuendoes which, whatever their substance, are now irrelevant, improper, and un-English.

A number of petitions seeking Casement's reprieve had been prepared and bore the signatures of eminent and respected men. The propaganda to blacken Casement's character, however, had considerable effect and many of those who had signed petitions withdrew their signatures after seeing the photographs. As a result, the petitions that were eventually presented were not as impressive as they might have been. But, more important, steps were taken to ensure that the photographs had a wide circulation in America.

Among Americans who saw them were President Woodrow Wilson and Mr Walter Hines Page, both of whom, and many others, believed them to be genuine. It is, of course, impossible to measure the effect of this clandestine propaganda, but America's declaration of war was not delayed. It is, however, not without interest to recall that on July 29, 1916, the American Senate passed a resolution favouring a reprieve for the Irish political prisoners then under sentence of death, but, for some reason, a copy of this resolution was not delivered to the Foreign Secretary until August 3, the day of Casement's execution.

At the time of Casement's arrest and trial, the head of the Associated Press Bureau in London was Mr Ben Allen, an American. Mr Allen was shown a document by Sir Reginald Hall, the Director of Naval Intelligence, who told him that it was 'Casement's diary' and that he was anxious that extracts should be printed in American newspapers. Mr Allen thereupon asked to be allowed to see Casement in gaol so that he might question him about the document, but when permission was refused Mr Allen

declined to have anything to do with the matter. He subsequently described this document as follows:

It was a rolled manuscript which Hall took from a pigeon-hole in his desk. . . . The paper was buff in colour, with blue lines and the sheets ragged at the top as if they had been torn from what, in my school days, we called a composition book. . . . The paper was not quite legal size.

Since Casement's execution, many attempts have been made to see the incriminating documents in the possession of Scotland Yard. The Home Office, however, persistently refused all requests to see them; in more recent times it refused even to confirm or deny their existence. The policy adopted by the Home Office, shifting as it did in the course of time, naturally gave rise to the suspicion that there was something that the Government wished to hide, and allegations were openly made that the photographs circulated before Casement's execution were the result of forgery, done while the diaries were in the possession of Scotland Yard. For example, in 1936 Dr W. J. Maloney, of New York, published a book in which he attempted to prove that the diaries were forgeries, and in 1957 Mr Alfred Noyes published *The Accusing Ghost: or Justice for Casement* with a similar purpose. The contrary opinion was expressed in such books as Mr René MacColl's *Roger Casement: A New Judgment*.

In the earlier part of 1959, however, there was published in America and France a book entitled *The Black Diaries*, by P. Singleton Gates and Maurice Girodias. This book contains the text of typewritten transcripts of three of the Casement diaries which Mr Singleton Gates had obtained from a source which he does not see fit to disclose, but which was almost certainly a senior police officer. An English edition of this book appeared in October 1959, but without one of the transcripts. The publication of this book posed an awkward problem for the Home Secretary. It was no longer possible to maintain the former official position, and, after some delay and a good deal of parliamentary agitation, the diaries were placed in the Public Record Office. They were not, however, made available to public inspection; only those who have obtained the approval of the Home Office may inspect the diaries, and even such officially approved persons may use only an

ordinary magnifying glass. Nevertheless, despite the restrictions, this is a welcome step towards the solution of what has remained a mystery for too long.

There are five documents now in the Public Record Office. Each of them bears a certificate, signed by Sir Ernley Blackwell, that it was forwarded to the Home Office by the Commissioner of Police in January 1925. The documents had been seized by the police in 1916, and if they were then the property of Roger Casement the legality of their detention after his execution is open to question.

The first of the documents is a field service note-book of a type that was widely issued by the War Office and officially known as Army Book 153. It is approximately 4 in. by 7 in. and is bound in dark red cloth with a leather strap and an elastic band fitted to the stiff cover. There is a pouch for a pencil, and a pocket is provided inside the cover. The book itself consists of perforated sheets interleaved with plain sheets for carbon copies. Some of the perforated sheets have been torn out. The pocket contains a page torn from *The Independent* newspaper (undated) and a postcard addressed to Casement at the Foreign Office. The book contains some preliminary notes and brief entries, in diary form, for the period between Feb. 6 and 13, 1901, together with a short description of the writer's movements on July 20 and 21, 1901. There are also three sketch maps. The entries are mostly in pencil, but some are in ink. This book contains no indecent matter.

The second document is a Letts Pocket Diary and Almanack for 1903 (a copy of the police transcript of this diary is printed in *The Black Diaries*). It measures approximately 6 in. by 3½ in., and space is provided for two daily entries per page, except for Saturdays, which have whole pages allotted to them. The pages are ruled with blue horizontal lines and cash columns. The entries, which are mostly in ink but partly in pencil, run from Feb. 14, 1903, to Jan. 8, 1904, and cover time spent in London, the Congo, on board ship, and at ports of call such as Madeira, the Canary Islands, and Sierra Leone. The diary contains a number of indecencies, most of which are of the kind, 'Beautiful types at . . .', 'Saw very beautiful at . . .'

The actual form of the entries provides a field for some speculation, but only a very few examples can be given here. The entries for April 30 and May 1 and 2 have the appearance of having all been written at the same time, which may well be the result of the

diarist falling behind with his writing. These entries exhibit a uniform calligraphy. The entry for June 6, however, appears to show traces of two different hands. The main entry (to which no objection can be taken) is written in ink, but the last line, which is in pencil, is capable of an indecent interpretation. The handwriting of this entry merits a more careful investigation than is possible with the aid only of a magnifying glass. The entry for June 26 is a curious one. There are two separate entries, both in ink, but between the two there is a pencil entry which, when it reaches the end of the available space, works round the second entry in ink and ends underneath it.

The entries for July 4, 5, and 6 display peculiarities. In contrast to Casement's usual flowing and well-spaced writing, the calligraphy of these entries, which are in pencil, is very crowded throughout (and not merely at the end) and has a crabbed appearance which differs from that of the preceding and following entries.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of this diary is the fact that the pages prior to February 14 (for which the printed page number is 26) have been torn out, leaving butts on which traces of pencil writing remain. It has been suggested by Mr H. Montgomery Hyde (in an article in *The Sunday Times* of Aug. 16, 1959) that the missing pages formed the document shown to Mr Ben Allen, to which reference has already been made. There are, however, certain difficulties in the way of accepting this explanation. The paper of this diary, even with its increase of age, can scarcely be described as buff (it is true that it has blue lines), and the tearing occurs not at the top but at the side of the pages. Moreover, the size of the pages, 6 in. by $3\frac{1}{4}$ in., seems much too small to be described as 'not quite legal size.'

The third document is a Dollard Office Diary for 1910 (a copy of the police transcript of this diary is printed in *The Black Diaries*). It measures approximately 13 in. by 10 in., and the pages, interleaved with thin blotting paper, have spaces for three daily entries, no space being provided for Sundays. The cover is twice endorsed 'Private Diary.' The diary entries, which are both in ink and in pencil, begin on Jan. 13, 1910, and continue, with few gaps, to the end of the year; some of the entries consist of only a few words. Inside the front cover there are some cash memoranda and there has been stuck into the diary a set of verses, entitled 'A knotty

problem,' relating to tariff reform, cut from *Truth* of October 1909. Notes have been made in ink, lead pencil, and blue pencil on some of the sheets of blotting paper.

The diary contains a greater number of indecencies than the preceding one, and they are, perhaps, described in greater detail. Here, too, the form of the entries gives rise to some speculation. For example, the entry for Oct. 31, 1910, is a long one and, apart from the first sentence, is quite unobjectionable. The first sentence, which is indecent, appears to have been made in a different ink from that used for the remainder of the entry, and the appearance of some of the words in this sentence is not altogether in accordance with the usual appearance of Casement's handwriting. Again, the entries for Nov. 17 to 19 appear to show three (and perhaps four) different hands, and perhaps more than one ink. There is a curious entry, in ink, for Dec. 5, in which the handwriting appears to show variations. The first half of the entry is crowded but the second half is not, which is the reverse of what one would expect in a normal entry where the writer began to be pressed for space.

A curious circumstance is connected with this diary. There is, in the National Library in Dublin, a diary (or a portion of a diary) that is unquestionably in Casement's handwriting. It is written on foolscap sheets of ruled paper and covers the period Sept. 24 to Nov. 15, 1910. Thus, for this period, Casement apparently kept two diaries, and it is not easy to explain why this should have been done, especially as they do not appear to complement one another. The noteworthy feature of these two diaries, however, is the fact that the indecencies only occur in the one now in the Public Record Office and formerly in the possession of the police. The relationship of these two documents poses a singular problem.

The fourth document is a cash ledger (a copy of the police transcript of this document is printed in the French, but not in the English, edition of *The Black Diaries*). It is bound in black half-leather with the word 'Ledger' stamped in gilt lettering on the spine, and it measures approximately 8 in. by 5 in. The entries extend from January to October 1911, that is, when Casement made his second visit to the Putumayo. There are brief notes of activities on each day, but the records are chiefly of money transactions, a number of which can be construed as payments for homosexuality. These entries are preceded by a summary of an expedition to Rio

de Janeiro in February and March 1910, and there is one page summarizing previous events. The handwriting in this ledger exhibits considerable variations. The entries are made chiefly in ink, but there are some in pencil and some partly in pencil and partly in ink.

The last of the documents is a Letts Popular Desk Diary for 1911, measuring approximately 10 in. by 8 in. There are alternately three and four spaces per page, that is, the spaces for one week's entries are distributed over two pages, and the pages are interleaved with thin blotting paper. This is the diary which contains the most indecent entries. Entries have been made for Jan. 1 to 18, inclusive (covering five pages and a few lines), and from Aug. 13 to Dec. 31, inclusive; the intervening pages have been left blank. On the front cover there are written the words, faint but clearly legible, 'Begins in Paris. Ends in B'badós & at sea on s.s. Terence.'

With the exception of Jan. 1 and Aug. 20 (and perhaps one or two other dates), the indecent entries do not begin until Sept. 4 and they cover thirty-four pages (numbered 72-105). The contents of these pages are extremely indecent. Mr Montgomery Hyde's statement (in the article to which reference has already been made) that homosexual acts are recorded for almost every day does not appear to be supported by the document itself, and his transcription of the writing on the cover of the diary is inaccurate.

The handwriting of the pages numbered 72-105 appears to differ considerably from that of the four pages of memoranda to be found at the beginning of the diary, which are almost certainly in Casement's handwriting. The handwriting of these pages also appears to differ from the handwriting of the entries in the cash ledger for the corresponding dates. The entry for Jan. 1 is curious. There is a passage in this entry which appears to have been written in two different inks, and the handwriting of the part in one ink appears to differ from that of the part in the other ink. The first half of the passage shows signs of having been blotted (the diary is interleaved with blotting paper), but there is no sign of the second half having been blotted, which is the reverse of what one would expect if the whole passage had been written by the same person at one time. The indecency in this entry occurs only in the second part of the passage in question.

Many of the entries in the indecent part of this diary are in a

rather crabbed hand and are closely crowded into the available space, in contrast to Casement's normally large and flowing hand. It is noticeable, however, that on and after Dec. 24 the entries are not long and are no longer crowded; and they are no longer indecent.

Speaking generally, the diaries are written in both ink and pencil, both of which frequently occur in the same entry; indeed, in some instances (for example, the entry for July 10 in the Letts diary for 1903), the change from one to the other occurs in the middle of a sentence. The handwriting exhibits wide variations of form, and is sometimes crowded and small and at other times is large, flowing, and well-spaced. All these variations are what one might expect if the diaries are the genuine productions of a man who wrote them over a considerable period of time, sometimes in great haste or under stress or in great discomfort in tropical heat. On the other hand, if, as has been alleged, it were desired to make alterations in the diaries so as to display Casement as a homosexual, the form in which the diaries are written could scarcely be more convenient for such a purpose. These are documents whose authenticity has been impugned, and they display characteristics which may legitimately raise doubts. Their appearance to the naked eye, aided only by a magnifying glass, seems to be consistent either with their authenticity or with their having been altered. With the restrictions at present imposed upon those who study them, it is impossible to say positively either that the diaries are genuine or that they have been tampered with. In the many articles that have been written about these diaries since they were placed in the Public Record Office, the positive assertions both of forgery and of authenticity appear to be much too facile, and to neglect many of the problems to which the diaries give rise.

It has often been objected that no government would go to the extremity of forgery in order to blacken the reputation of one person. It is, however, only necessary to attempt to recapture the tense atmosphere preceding America's entry into the First World War in order to realize that if a government were anxious to ensure that the executed Casement should not be regarded in America as a martyr, it would consider a few weeks' work by a skilled man as well worth-while. There are many familiar incidents in the Second

World
go in
A
trans
Diari
are i
slope
innoc
have
in fo
'unde
less
On p
duce
him
and
Lom
read
lueg
is th
Th
conf
of fi
not
was
conv
prac
it is
E
may
plet
visi
men
may
cou
Am
for
arri
unt

World War which illustrate the lengths to which governments will go in the matter of deception.

A comparison of the text of the diaries themselves with the police transcripts, as printed in Mr Singleton Gates' book, *The Black Diaries*, shows that the transcripts were very carelessly made. There are innumerable errors, and the work has been done in such a slovenly manner that the transcript sometimes turns a perfectly innocuous entry into an indecent one. The transcriber appears to have been an uneducated person, for frequently words or phrases in foreign languages are represented in the transcript by the word 'undecipherable.' One example (not an indecent one) of the careless manner in which these transcripts were made must suffice. On page 293 of the book, the entry for Nov. 29, 1910, is reproduced as follows: 'He came at 8.10 with my portfolio and I sent him for cigarettes. He brought wrong kind and I gave him 28s. and patted him on back and said [undecipherable] and he and Lomas to-day.' In the original diary the latter part of this entry reads, '& patted him on back & said ate logo & he said "Hasta luego."' ('Até logo' is a Portuguese phrase for which 'hasta luego' is the Spanish equivalent.)

The problems to which these diaries give rise are not, however, confined to the text itself. In the first place, there is the difficulty of fitting the diaries into their context. So far as can be discovered, not one of Casement's contemporaries had any suspicion that he was a homosexual until the photostats began to circulate after his conviction for treason. Yet, had he been indulging in homosexual practices on the scale and for the period displayed in the diaries, it is very difficult to understand why no suspicion attached to him.

Even more difficult to understand is the situation on the Putumayo during Casement's second visit. After Casement had completed his report of the investigations he made during his first visit, great pressure was brought to bear on the Peruvian Government to put an end to the disgraceful state of affairs on the Putumayo, and proceedings (albeit dilatory and half-hearted) were in course of being taken in Peru against the criminals of the Peruvian Amazon Company. On Aug. 16, 1911, Casement again left London for the Putumayo to report upon what was being done, and he arrived in Iquitos two months later. He did not return to London until Jan. 20, 1912.

Those officials of the Peruvian Amazon Company responsible for the atrocities committed on the Putumayo were well aware of the danger to themselves of Casement's presence. They were extremely anxious to discredit him, and watched him carefully for any indiscretions that might be turned to their advantage. Had they been able to bring against him a charge of homosexuality it is scarcely conceivable that they would have refrained from doing so; yet they made no such charge. However, the period September to December 1911 is the period when Casement's homosexual activities were at their worst, if the evidence of the Letts diary for that year is to be accepted at its face value.

To the foregoing problem, another is added by a consideration of the obscene entries in the Letts diary for 1911, that is, the entries for the period roughly comprising September to December of that year. The homosexual acts there described are so exceedingly numerous and occur with such frequency that the immediate reaction of a reader of this part of the diary is surprise that a man, admittedly in indifferent health and engaged for part of the time on arduous duties in difficult conditions, could have done all that is there set down. The surprise thus caused engenders a doubt whether the entries are really records of actual homosexual experiences. When the absence of contemporary suspicion is also considered, the possibility suggests itself that these entries do not correspond with actual fact but are imaginary entries that were the means whereby a mind, tortured by urgings that it abhorred, sought to rid itself of an almost unendurable burden.

In this connection it is of interest to see the entry made in the diary for 1903 when Casement heard of the death of Sir Hector MacDonald. MacDonald's remarkable career was suddenly blighted by charges of homosexuality and he committed suicide in Paris. Under the date Apr. 17, 1903, the following entry occurs:

H.M.S. 'Odin' arr. Brought news of Sir Hector MacDonald's suicide in Paris! The reasons given are pitifully sad! The most distressing case this, surely, of its kind and one that may awake the national mind to saner methods of curing a terrible disease than by criminal legislation.

And in a letter dated Jan. 27, 1913, written to Charles Roberts, a Member of Parliament and a member of the Anti-Slavery Society and of the Select Committee on the Peruvian Amazon Company,

Casement, perhaps significantly, described his diaries as 'an aide-mémoire, and mental justification and safety-valve.' This quotation, divorced from its context, should not be pressed far and the temptation to read too much into it must be resisted; in any case, the hypothesis that the entries in question are mere fantasy is by no means free from difficulty.

The deposit of the diaries in the Public Record Office has, however, settled one point in the controversy that has been going on for so long. Before the nature of these diaries could be ascertained it had been suggested that the diary from which the photostats had been made might have been a copy, made by Casement, of a diary kept by one of the Putumayo criminals. For instance, in my book *Roger Casement*, published in 1936, I wrote that:

It is possible that it [i.e., the original of the photostats] formed part of the evidence which Casement collected during his enquiry on the Putumayo, and was carefully copied by Casement, but never published owing to its indecent character.

This idea was developed in greater detail by Dr Maloney, also in 1936, and was adopted by Mr Noyes in 1957. An examination, however, of the diaries now in the Public Record Office reveals that this conjecture is untenable.

The action of the Home Secretary in relation to these diaries is much to be commended, but unfortunately it has not made it possible to reach a firm conclusion with regard to the vexed question of their authenticity. Serious allegations of forgery in an important government department have been made and persisted in, so that, quite apart from Casement's reputation, it is essential that the question should be settled in a convincing manner. The Home Secretary, it is true, has publicly stated that the diaries have been examined by Dr Wilson Harrison, director of the Home Office forensic science laboratory, who formed the opinion that the diaries are genuine. Dr Harrison is an eminent man of the highest qualifications, and it is much to be regretted, therefore, that neither his instructions nor his report have been made public. There are, however, numerous persons who still hold the opinion that the diaries were tampered with while in the possession of the police, and such persons will not, perhaps, very readily accept, at second hand, the opinion of a man whom they regard as an interested party.

It is of importance, therefore, that the remaining restrictions

should be removed and that a thorough scientific examination of the diaries should be made by independent persons; such an examination should not be confined to the text of the diaries but should also take account of the related problems which have been touched upon in this article. For this purpose it is desirable that the relevant Home Office file (No. 311,643/206a) should be placed with the diaries in the Public Record Office. Only when such an independent examination has taken place can the doubts and suspicions that still exist be removed.

Much has been written in recent times about these diaries, but almost all of this writing has been concerned with Casement's morals and little attention seems to have been directed to the gravity of the charges which impute forgery to a government department. It is, no doubt, characteristic of the times in which we live that, while serious accusations of crime against government officials are little regarded, an intense interest should be displayed in the possible moral depravity of a man who was executed for treason over forty years ago.

GEOFFREY DE C. PARMITER

BOOK REVIEWS

Triumph in the West. F.M. Viscount Alanbrooke and Sir Arthur Bryant.

The Diary of John Evelyn. E. S. de Beer.

British Conservatism: 1832-1914. R. B. McDowell.

The England of Nimrod and Surtees: 1815-1854. E. W. Bovill.

The London School of Economics and its Problems, 1919-1937. Lord Beveridge.

An Epic of Clare Market. Lady Beveridge.

The Commonwealth Year Book. Europa Publications.

The Mothers. R. Briffault, edited by Gordon Rattray Taylor.

Albert Schweitzer: A Study of his Philosophy of Life. Professor Langfeldt.

Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts. C. V. Wedgwood, C.B.E., D.Litt.

Mémoires de Guerre, Le Salut. General de Gaulle.

IN his foreword to his second volume *Triumph in the West* (Collins), based on Lord Alanbrooke's Diaries, Sir Arthur Bryant points out that he has not written a history of the war, nor a biography. But he has presented a live historical study with a vivid commentary on passing events, reinforced by the oral testimony of the diaries. We are fortunate, indeed, in having this work following so closely on Mr Ehrman's two volumes (vols. V and VI) of the Official History.

A remark has been attributed to Sir Winston Churchill: 'In war you don't have to be nice; you only have to be right.' In these diaries, it is clear that discussions were sometimes heated, and the Prime Minister sometimes wrong; but the differences between him and his Chiefs of Staff can easily be exaggerated. What the diaries accentuate, rather, is the time taken and the amount of argument necessary to convince him that a particular course of action was strategically wrong. Writing of Churchill's methods in dealing with the Chiefs of Staff, Mr C. M. Woodhouse has pointed out 'that what he did, and had every right to do was to test the firmness of their judgment to the uttermost limits of endurance, so that no conceivable possibility became recognized as an impossibility until it had been through the fire over and over again. . . .'¹

But such a searching process was certainly trying to Lord Alanbrooke, who must at times have felt inclined to echo Mr Baldwin's

¹ 'How vital was Churchill?' (*National and English Review*, 1957).

despairing cry when he remarked of Churchill: 'He is often right, but when he is wrong—My God!'

However, always correct constitutionally, the Prime Minister when convinced invariably deferred in the end to the considered and united opinion of his service advisers—strikingly different in this respect from Lloyd George in the First World War.

Far more serious were the differences with the Americans. It was difficult, for instance, to convince them that the Italian Campaign was playing a vital part in holding German reserves away from Northern France, and also that there was not some sinister political plan attached to it for a move through Austria to capture Vienna.

As military and political plans became more interlocked with the progress of the war, there was bound to be a clash, the American viewpoint being so different from the British. 'As soldiers,' says General Bradley, 'we looked naïvely on the British inclination to complete the war with political foresight and non-military objectives.'

After 'D' Day the differences became more personal, and the general situation further complicated by General Eisenhower combining the roles of Supreme Commander and Commander of the Land Forces.

He was, at this stage, says Sir Arthur Bryant, 'An arbiter, balancing the requirements of competing allies and subordinates rather than a master of the Field making the decisive choice. . . .' There is little doubt that the spearhead plan for a thrust in the Ruhr—Montgomery's plan as approved by the British Chiefs of Staff—was better than the American one of getting lined up along the whole front, followed by a leisurely advance towards the Rhine. But the opportunity was a fleeting one; it called for quick decision, and a forceful Commander to take advantage of it.

In the last hectic weeks of the war, when Eisenhower was in direct communication with Stalin, he received from General Marshall the message, 'that personally, and apart from all logistic, tactical, or strategic implications, I should be loath to hazard American lives for purely political purposes.' Stalin had no such scruples.

If one may criticize extracts from the diaries, 'anxious and troubled' as they show the author to have been, there is perhaps

too m
he su

The
teristi
is the
Sunda

To
nence
editio
and p
appro
the E
about
wild
He b
havin
cause
resur
befor
scien
Gree
not-f
and
diary

Br
a bo
artic
Cons
of its
pend
ciple
trad
tain
unti
of C
as t
thro

too much emphasis on the exasperation and limits of endurance he suffered.

Those who know Lord Alanbrooke might think that more characteristic of him, as showing his rare and precious gift of detachment, is the short entry in his diary three weeks before 'D' Day: 'Spent Sunday at home, photographing a Marsh Tit.'

To review a classic like Evelyn's Diary now would be an impertinence, but it is very pertinent to welcome a new and complete edition. *The Diary of John Evelyn*, skilfully edited by E. S. de Beer and published by the Oxford University Press, should be widely appreciated—over 1,300 pages in all with an Introductory Note by the Editor and notes to help the reader when there is any difficulty about understanding the original text and replacing Evelyn's very wild spellings by more recognizable ones. The diary begins in 1631. He broke off the account of his activities in 1645—perhaps because, having made such material contribution as he could to the King's cause, he prudently went abroad for most of the Civil War. He resumed writing about 1664 and the last entry was only a few days before his death in 1706. Education, travel, religion, public affairs, science, arboriculture, events like the foundation of Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals, family matters, comments on friends—and not-friends—all come within the scope of the diary of so prolific and widely interested a writer as Evelyn. It is possible to open the diary anywhere with pleasure, except with the spelling.

British Conservatism: 1832-1914, by R. B. McDowell (Faber), is a book which naturally appeals to the *Quarterly* as it was in an article by Croker in this Review that the Party was first called Conservative and, as the author says: 'It was portentously conscious of its place as one of the two great British reviews and as the independent as well as acknowledged exponent of conservative principles.' Under Croker and Lockhart as editors, the Conservative tradition was carried on, and the spirit of Conservatism was maintained by articles by Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards Lord Salisbury) until he entered the Cabinet, and many other writers. In any study of Conservatism of the period inevitably we come back to Disraeli as the mind and inspiration which were endeavouring to break through the hide-bound Conservatism and give new life to its ideas.

Though Disraeli died in 1881 his ideas for long afterwards were and, indeed, still are a guide. Then in the last years of the century and up to 1906, as pointed out in this book, Chamberlain in a different way broadened the Conservative ideals and kept them alive. We start in this work with Conservatism in the Age of Reform and carry on through Mid-Victorian Conservatism and Imperialism and Ireland to Social Reform and Tariff Reform in both of which last subjects, of course, Chamberlain took the lead. Lord Salisbury described what was going on later in the century as being 'a real difference between a conservative and a liberal, but that it was a difference not of principle but of bias. The conservative had a prepossession against change, the liberal a prepossession in its favour.' Dr McDowell says that his aim is a limited one, namely, to attempt to show what political opinions a member of the English Conservative Party might be committed to supporting in the years between the passing of the Great Reform Bill and the outbreak of the First World War. In under 200 pages he fulfils this aim with great success and skill. The whole book is not only instructive but good reading. Some readers may, however, think that the author has a regrettable dislike of capital letters—not even the House of Commons and House of Lords are allowed to have them let alone Conservatives and Conservatism!

Another book in which the *Quarterly* is specially interested is *The England of Nimrod and Surtees: 1815-1854*, by E. W. Bovill (Oxford University Press). Nimrod (C. J. Apperley) was a well-known *Quarterly* Reviewer in his day and, in fact, his most famous book, *The Chase, the Road and the Turf*, was made up of articles originally contributed to the *Quarterly*. The first half of last century saw many developments both in hunting and coaching. Even the censorious Cobbett declared that, 'Next to a fox-hunt the finest sight in England is a stage-coach,' about to start or just arrived; and it is a remarkable fact that at one time no less than 170 mail and stage-coaches passed through Hounslow every day. Unfortunately for the coaches they reached their peak of efficiency just when railways were beginning, so their glory soon passed, but they must have been a really inspiring sight however uncomfortable it must have been in winter to travel on them. Mr Bovill gives good short biographies of Nimrod and Surtees and then divides his book into

the C
much
exper
and
Melt
there
hunt
the v
and
perha
inter
hunt
thing

TH
by L
auth
whic
colle
are A
Psyc
is pe
Sidn
the S
by s
most
'a w
That
claim
Scho
thou
sam
whil
the
tinu

C
and
of C

the Chase, and the Road. As far as hunting is concerned he has much that is interesting to say about England's changing face, Hunt expenses, Masters and Subscribers, the Stud, the Meet, the Field, and that most luxurious and arrogant hunting society based on Melton. During the hunting season 200-300 horses were stabled there, and in Nimrod's day it derived about £50,000 a year from hunting men. On the road we are told about breaking the horses to the work, yards and coaches, the coachmen, the routine of the road and its hazards, and travelling posts. Of the two halves of the book perhaps the Road will have the greater appeal, though the hunting interest is also very strong. Mr Bovill enables readers to enjoy both hunting and coaching without the risks and discomforts of the real thing.

The London School of Economics and its Problems, 1919-1937, by Lord Beveridge (George Allen & Unwin), tells the story of the author's directorship of that well-known institution, the title of which is, perhaps, slightly misleading. It is in fact a component college of London University and as among the subjects studied are Anthropology, Geography, History, Law, Modern Languages, Psychology, Social Biology, and Transport, the word 'Economics' is perhaps unduly restrictive. The chief founders of the School were Sidney and Beatrice Webb, whose decided Left Wing politics gave the School a leaning in that direction which was only emphasized by some of the original teachers, including the able but, at times, most unreliable Harold Laski, of whom the author says he became 'a well-known figure, and deepening our red colour in many eyes.' That impression still exists for many people though the School claims to be impartial. Lord Beveridge tells of the growth of the School during his time and, among other statistics, shows that though in 1919 and in 1937 the number of students was about the same (almost exactly 3,000), in 1919 only 830 of these were regular, while in 1937, 1,439 were. Many notable people have passed through the School, including good Conservatives, and the progress continues. Lord Beveridge's directorate there is well worth recording.

Closely associated with the above book in subject, authorship, and time of publication is the late Lady Beveridge's work, *An Epic of Clare Market* (G. Bell & Sons). It deals with the birth and early

years of the London School of Economics and proves still further the claim of Sidney and Beatrice Webb to be the parents, especially Sidney, without whose persistence, persuasiveness, and determination the School would probably never have started. It was largely he who managed to collect the funds, including a large donation from Mr Passmore Edwards, for the building. Lady Beveridge tells of the early years in John Street, Adelphi, and then of the move to Clare Market which has developed into the present School adjoining Houghton Street. She also tells of the first directors, W. A. S. Hewins, H. J. (afterwards Sir Halford) Mackinder, and Pember Reeves, and she also gives personal reminiscences of several well-known people who were at the School. One thing she does omit is the great work that she herself did there. It is perhaps a comment on the growth of this institution that it started with an annual income of £2,500 a year which has now increased to over £600,000.

The 3rd edition of *The Commonwealth Year Book* (Europa Publications) has now appeared—good as ever and a truly useful work of reference with a remarkable list of contributors from many parts of the world. There is a preliminary essay on the evolution of the Commonwealth and some pages of general statistics. Then the territories are dealt with, beginning with the United Kingdom and continuing with Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Pakistan, etc., and proceeding to other at present lesser members, Rhodesia, British West and East Africa, the West Indies, South East Asia, the Middle East, and the Mediterranean, and not overlooking places such as St Helena, Tristan da Cunha, or the Pitcairn Islands. In each case useful information is given about government, institutions, local organizations, political parties, migration, nationality and citizenship, development, fauna preservation, and a score of other activities. The whole runs to about 1,160 double-column pages and is, so to speak, treasure trove for writers, officials, contemporary historians, politicians, and libraries. Congratulations are due to the editors and publishers of this remarkable work.

Since the original three-volume edition—in 1927—of Robert Briffault's great work *The Mothers* has been available to comparatively few people, it is necessary to outline its particular place in

anthro
were t
which
last sh
contro
Prim
the or
prove
that t
from
verted
there
of hu
in 18
a gre
marc
anthr
was a
was t
prese
tian a
The
of T
Gord
readi
was t
at a
nant
clear
up. I
book
men
him
expl
chal
of m

T
ethic

anthropology. 'At the time of its first publication anthropologists were turning away from the larger questions of cultural evolution which they felt to be insoluble' and they saw Briffault's work as the last shot in a controversy that had ceased to be interesting. This controversy was launched in 1851 when Maine published his *Primitive Law* in which he asserted that the patriarchal family was the original unit of society and cited chiefly Biblical examples to prove his case. In the same year Buchofen in Switzerland asserted that the original state of man had been one of sexual promiscuity from which had emerged matriarchies which had later been converted into patriarchies. With the stimulus of the idea of evolution there followed many attempts to account for the whole development of human society, but the next major statement was from McLellan in 1886, who came down for matriarchy and based his findings on a great mass of new anthropological evidence. Then came Westermarck's *History of Human Marriage*, the work of a man without anthropological qualifications, which had a phenomenal success. He was a man with a bias, writing his book to prove that monogamy was the normal pattern of marriage throughout human society, and presented polygamy as degenerate. Traditional moralists and Christian apologists supported this, and Briffault's main object in writing *The Mothers* was to explode this fallacy. This shortened edition of *The Mothers* (Allen & Unwin), which has been abridged by Gordon Rattray Taylor in a masterly fashion, makes fascinating reading. Briffault's grasp of his material is immense. His assertion was that a primitive matriarchy existed universally before patriarchy at a period when for various reasons women were socially predominant. One of his chief merits is the devastating way in which he clears the ground of a forest of misconceptions which have grown up. Mr Rattray Taylor says: 'We do not read Briffault for a textbook statement of incontrovertible fact but for a challenging argument supported by a mass of fascinating detail. . . . We do not read him exclusively for his main thesis: his inquisitive and radical mind explores many byways of anthropology, always throwing light, challenging preconceptions, and offering new insights.' It is a book of major importance.

The unique place that Schweitzer occupies amongst modern ethical philosophers is excellently delineated by Professor Gabriel

Langfeldt in *Albert Schweitzer: A Study of his Philosophy of Life* (Allen & Unwin). Professor Langfeldt, a well-known Norwegian psychiatrist, has written his book round the controversial question, 'Is Schweitzer a Christian?' which occupied the theological and the public minds for a long time after Schweitzer's recent visit to Norway, and led to much controversy. Professor Langfeldt states that this public discussion revealed the fact that many who spoke with familiarity of Schweitzer's philosophy and with the assurance of it being in this or that way Christian, cannot have studied it very deeply nor indeed have grasped any of the basic ethical conceptions on which it is founded and has been practised in a practical way of life. Professor Langfeldt goes to Schweitzer's writings for his exposition. He deals with the basic features of his personality, his views on religion and morality, his concept of God, prayer, the source and root of ethics, and his insistence on truth and intellectual honesty. He writes with admirable ease and simplicity and his arguments can be followed with the utmost understanding. His book is invaluable to all who want a true orientation of this remarkable man, and no one can doubt the seriousness or sincerity with which it deals with a highly complex matter. It is also challenging and constructive. 'Anyone who has made himself thoroughly familiar with Schweitzer's philosophy and really tries to understand this ethical giant's grasp of the basic ethical and religious problems cannot help feeling that he is the forerunner of a revolution that will come about in Religion, ethics and thinking. . . . He will remain known as a brilliant thinker and a great ethical and religious genius who by practising his own principles has shown mankind the way it must take if it is to reach its destination.'

Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts, by C. V. Wedgwood (Cambridge University Press), is the text of the Clark Lectures which she gave at Cambridge in 1958. The seventeenth century was an age which saw verse employed as a weapon of topical comment rather like the cartoon of to-day—and since it was an age of great political and religious ferment it became the chief and most powerful weapon of controversy. 'Paradoxically, with this intensive use of verse as a weapon of attack in politics, the poetry of exaggerated and obsequious compliment, the courtly flattery of men in power, reached its highest exaggeration. Its gracious elegance is in strange

contra
did no
Jonso
talent
maker
march
saw p
adula
Achin
admin
book
of th
publi
of wh
of th
of na
and c
loom
was

In
comp
tion
nized
parli
Lava
was
his
invi
and
pow
mea
tinu
deb
whe
with
and
ord
He

contrast to the vindictive ill-manners of political satire.' Few poets did not use it in some way or another, and while the age of Ben Jonson, Donne, Milton, Marvell, and Dryden was rich in major talents, minor talents also abounded—whether lesser poets or ballad makers of the streets. The temperature of the age, rising with the march of history and its particular clear-cut doctrinaire issues, finally saw political satire change from crude slanging and sycophantic adulation to the ferocious maturity of *Hudibras* and *Absalom and Achitophel*. Miss Wedgwood takes us through the age with admirably explicit comment and illuminating quotation. While her book is primarily to do with literature it is also history—a filling-in of that strange hiatus in the Stuarts' congenital unawareness of public feeling. Never could there have been more vocal evidence of which way the wind was blowing. But never was the hyperbole of the court poets more effective in nullifying the compass needle of national opinion. But one side or the other the satire flowed on and only died at the end of the century when the age of reason was looming near and the era of commercial and industrial expansion was exterminating the partisan.

In *Mémoires de Guerre, Le Salut* (Plon), General de Gaulle completes his Memoirs and records the transition between occupation and self-government in the critical period 1944-6. He recognized his commanding position although uninvested by sovereign, parliament, or plebiscite. He created the High Court to try Pétain, Laval, and Darnand, where justice was meted out as impartially as was possible amidst raw passions; and hastened reconciliation. In his anxiety to enter the victor's camp, he accepted Bogomilov's invitation to Russia to help France enter European relationships and secured a treaty 'that enabled him to meet the Anglo-Saxon powers with heightened authority.' Many expected that liberation meant the end of hostilities. De Gaulle was pleased that war continued. It enabled him to take part in a settlement. French troops debouched into Alsace. Tenaciously he struggled against the allies when during the Ardennes counter-attack strategy necessitated withdrawal. He pleaded with President Roosevelt, Mr Churchill, and General Eisenhower that France overrode allied strategy and ordered General Juin to defend Alsace alone, if the others withdrew. He eagerly joined the campaign to occupy the Reich and ordered

French troops to cross the Rhine if possible within the allied cadre, if need be on their own account. He watched the hopeless struggle that doomed to ruin a guilty people 'which justice demanded should be punished and the superior reason of Europe deplored should be destroyed.' Even his troops lost their thirst for vengeance marching through ruins to Stuttgart. The allies opposed the French at Stuttgart, President Truman sent a sharp note, but at Stuttgart they remained. On Hitler's suicide, Himmler, attempting to divide, wrote to de Gaulle to come to understanding with Germany, 'otherwise the Anglo-Saxons would treat him as a satellite or the Russians communize France.' But General de Lattre stood with the victors to receive the foe's unconditional surrender. De Gaulle felt gratified that France was now great enough to help found the United Nations with French as an official language. On Churchill's electoral defeat, he paid a noble tribute: 'the ineffaceable fact remains that without him my efforts would have been in vain.'

'It might have been permissible for me to prolong the kind of monarchy I had assumed and had confirmed by general consent.' He preferred France to decide. He consulted former premiers, Blum, Herriot, and Marin, but party spite deformed democracy. It was said that, 'I would stifle the Republic. It was parliament and parties that had betrayed her. I had raised her arms, her laws, her very name.' The Constituent Assembly met in November and recorded *Charles de Gaulle a bien mérité de la Patrie*, but as party strife increased in January he resigned. He finally retired to Colombey and found solace with solitude. His love for and identification with France pierces his Memoirs. 'After victory I went to Notre-Dame for the solemn Te Deum. As the hymns of triumph echoed through the vaults, I shared the exaltation of our forefathers when glory crowned the patrie.'

dre,
ggle
ould
d be
hing
tutt-
they
rote
wise
sians
rs to
ified
tions
feat,
hout

nd of
sent.'
lum.
s said
t that
ame.'
Charles
ceased
ound
rance
or the
h the
owned